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THE CHICAGO BOMB-THROWERS.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
Henry W. Fox.

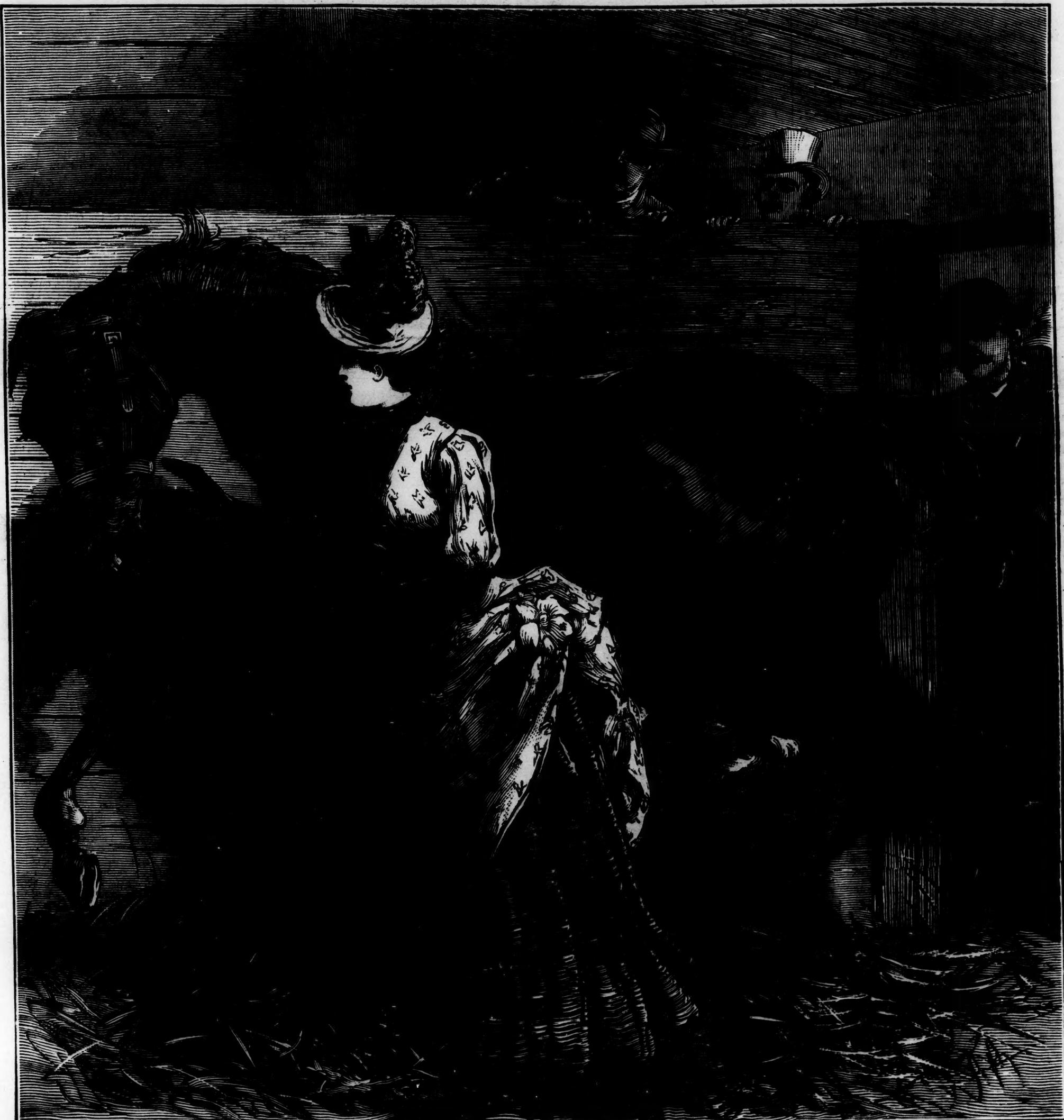
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

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#85



SUSIE TAMED HIM.

CHARMING PRIMA DONNA KIRWIN, OF THE WILBUR OPERA COMPANY, SUBDUES A FURIOUS HORSE AT FRANKLIN, PENN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

\$50 REWARD.

I will pay \$50 for the arrest and conviction of the rascal who, under the name of W. or M. Slater, is without authority collecting subscriptions to my publications.

RICHARD K. FOX.

PATSY SEEDY'S LAST COLLAPSE.

Two weeks ago we took a more or less mournful leave of the party by the name of Seedy-Patrick Seedy at that—who was never heard of among sporting people until big John L. Sullivan took him on his broad back, like many another load, and toted him round the country. When we said “good-bye” to this noisy and egotistic gentleman we meant it, never intending to make any further allusion to him. We even felt sorry for his most ignominious collapse, and when we saw his friends, McCormick of the *Sun* and Blue Jay Donohue of the *World*, round on him, our dislike of him melted into a genial compassion.

Whatever the GAZETTE had to say of Seedy was said manlike, in his teeth and to his face. We did not wait until he was three-quarters of the way across the Atlantic to call him a fraud and a fake, and say that he would never have been heard of if John L. Sullivan, in a moment of weakness, and to his own ultimate injury, had not picked him up.

What we want to do with poor old Seedy is to drop the coffin-lid on the corpse of his celebrity. He began life by pushing his way into small race tracks as the big-headed hanger-on and rubber-down of fifth rate cripples. When he grew too large to work the “sneak” act, he became a gambler and pinned his fortunes on the revolutions of a wheel, which was of such ingenious mechanical construction that it always came his way. Then when the sucker-crop waxed thin and scarce, and, in reply to a threat that he would “down” the Chicago police, the Chicago police promptly and thoroughly “downdown” him, there was nothing left for Seedy but to accept the bounty of the big fellow and fasten on him for his board and lodgings.

This benevolent arrangement worked all right until Seedy bucked against the GAZETTE. When Mr. Fox backed the present American champion, it was Seedy who persuaded Sullivan to let the chance of his lifetime go by and surrender the championship by default. Then when Kilrain lawfully assumed the championship, Seedy it was who tried to get square by vilifying Richard K. Fox.

As everybody knows John and Patsy fell out, Sullivan calls him every name he can lay his tongue to, and Pat has just arrived in London only to find that his American barroom has been anticipated, and that another fellow who

... he finally fancied would row into the ocean. ...
ton, and unless a fund can be raised to bring him home he will have to swim back to his adopted country.

It is only on account of his dire distress that we mention his name again, and we do it because we want to say that if a Pat Seedy Benevolent Fund is raised by his few friends, we shall be glad to contribute toward removing from the soil soon to be paced by Jake Kilrain the battered and tattered remains of the “fakir” who ruined John L. Sullivan.

GEO. A. ELY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

It is alleged that Mr. Ely, the County Clerk of Pottsville, Pa., has absconded with a good-sized bootie to parts unknown. Rumor has it that a charming young lady has been the cause of the alleged down to be hoped that the once popular Ely will gain the confidence of the people of the country by meeting the allegations.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

HALLAM, OF THE CASINO, received in the abdomen the other night a bouquet intended for Miss Hall, and besides being bespattered with moisture was knocked out of breath. He held a handkerchief over the wet place until he could leave the stage and change. He swears the bouquet was second hand or it would not have been so moist, and is looking for the dude who threw it. I don't blame him.

HENRY E. ABBEY is a manager who does not let the grass grow under his feet. He was in Queenstown, Ireland, on July 28, when the steamship City of Richmond, with Bernhardt on board, hove in sight from New York. She was to appear that evening in Cork, sixteen miles distant; and, as time was short, he chartered a tender, steamed out to the big ship, transferred the French woman, company, Marcus Meyer, tiger cat, baggage and all, in a twinkling, and had the whole party in Cork by the time the curtain went up, 8:45 P. M.

THE PITTSBURG Post of last Saturday says: “Miss Lizzie Evans met the first theatrical crunk for the season here. She was sitting up in her room of the hotel yesterday afternoon when she received a card bearing the name of a young lady residing in Allegheny. When she came upstairs she at once greeted the little actress as her cousin. Miss Evans told her she must be mistaken, but she insisted on claiming kinship, and developed into a first-class case of hysterics, and was only persuaded to leave for home with the greatest difficulty.”

NOW THAT SHE IS TEMPORARILY “DOWN,” the papers are inclined to say unkink things of Miss Helen Dauvray, which is contemptibly mean, to say the least. While she was spending money, advanced by her rich sister to establish her as a star, these same papers vied with others in fulsome laudation of “the little actress” when some good wholesome advice or criticism would have really been of service to her. I never thought Miss Dauvray possessed the requisite talent for a leading lady. Her role is the romping soubrette, who dances and picks the banjo.

I SEE THAT MR. GEORGE KEOGH, who enjoys the distinction of being Mrs. Langtry’s agent, has, in polite imitation of his mistress, declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. This is the toughest blow of all. We can stand Mrs. Langtry because she is something to look at, but when it comes to gathering in a specimen like Mr. Keogh, I think it is time for the Irish-Americans to kick. Speaking of Mr. Keogh reminds me that he sailed for America last Saturday, having settled satisfactorily with Mr. Langtry not to molest his wife for another year at least.

AS THE REMARKABLE RUN of “Ermine” draws to a close at the Casino the popularity of the operetta appears to become greater than ever. Hundreds of people have been turned away at nearly every performance during the past two weeks, unable to obtain seats, the houses being entirely sold out before 8 P. M. A few evenings since quite a number of distinguished people attended the performance. The East Indian Prince Thakore Sahib and party occupied two of the lower proscenium boxes. General William T. Sherman and party were next, and directly opposite sat the Duke of Marlborough and friends, and in the adjoining box were Mr. Bronson Howard and party.

TONY HART, the actor, is suffering from a paralysis of the tongue, lip and throat. The trouble is as yet very slight. None but Tony’s most intimate friends can detect anything peculiar about his utterance in conversation. It is only when he gets excited that his voice passes beyond his control. Whether the paralysis will stop right where it is for a while and then disappear, or whether it will become permanent, a few months will tell. Should it become permanent and progressive it would, of course, interfere with his work on the stage. His physician, Dr. Robertson, thinks that the worry and hard work of the past few years have developed the trouble, and possibly that the chemicals, lead in particular, in the paints used in “making up” actors’ faces, have centered it in its present spot.

I AM GLAD TO HEAR FROM CHICAGO that little Lotta has made a great success with her new piece, Pawn Ticket No 110. The piece is altogether better suited to her abilities than anything she has attempted for a long while, and the general enthusiasm at McVicker’s Theatre on Monday night was sufficient to demonstrate most satisfactorily that she had at last found a vehicle for her undoubted abilities which will unquestionably bring her a great deal of money. The author was called out twice, and in the words of the local critics the piece is “a sure go.” From Chicago also I learned that the engagement of Verona Jarreau at Hooley’s Theatre terminated last Saturday night in a blaze of glory, and that the business during the entire week was remarkably good. Tom Keene also closed one of the largest week’s engagements ever played at Chicago on Saturday night, and taking all in all, Chicago is doing a remarkable business.

THE OTHER AFTERNOON I came across the once celebrated buffo singer, Ferranti. He was covered up with a big overcoat, though the day was sunny and warm, and limped painfully along accompanied by his faithful and beloved little black and tan terrier, who must be nearly as old as her master, and puffed and wheezed as she waddled along. Poor old Ferranti has been a martyr to rheumatism for some time past, and to this has now been added a pulmonary affection which has reduced him almost to a shadow. However, the old man, and there

the same Don Pas-

has been...
think that neither he...
any privations in the remnant of...

I HEAR THAT FRED LYSTER, that vicious old journalistic reprobate, whose face used to be such a familiar landmark on Broadway, is knocking about London, looking very forlorn and dejected. It was one of the pleasant little closing jokes of this man’s life that, after getting up a benefit for himself last winter in New York he quietly pocketed the proceeds and skipped out without defraying even the incidental expenses of the affair. Mr. Lyster’s career has always been a remarkably interesting one, and I very much doubt whether the world ever gave birth to a more generally entertaining though pacific scoundrel. Well read, highly educated, good company, a royal good fellow in one sense of the word, a capital story teller, and with it all the most unprincipled, pleasant faced, gentlemanly blackguard I ever met. However, I don’t suppose there ever lived a man who cared less for the

opinion of the world, good, bad, or indifferent; and when old Fred Lyster really makes up his mind to square accounts with the devil I honestly don’t believe the world will be very much the loser.

THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE, which occurred between Manager Havlin, of Cincinnati, and a seedy-looking tramp of a cowboy, will be vouchsafed to:

Tramp—Is this an opera house?

Havlin—No, sir; it is a theatre.

Tramp—I see you don’t know me.

Havlin—No, sir; I am very sorry to say that I can’t recall your name just now.

Tramp—Well, my name is Wild Bob, and I have been playing with the Ellis Wild Bill show through the South. Now, I guess you will remember me.

Havlin—I’m afraid I don’t, sir.

Tramp—What, never heard of the Ellis Wild Bill show?

Havlin—Never.

Tramp—Well, what I want is an engagement to play real fighting parts on the stage. Can you give me one?

Havlin—I have no such position open at present.

Tramp—No one to rob, shoot or murder?

Havlin—Not one.

Tramp—Good day.

Havlin—Good day.

THE HIGH ATTAINMENTS and brilliant ability of Mr. Eben Plympton are of course familiar to the entire playgoing public of this country. By no one, however, are these gifts more keenly appreciated than by Mr. Plympton himself. Somebody met the actor the other day in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago, and asked him whether he was bound. “I am on my way to San Francisco,” said Mr. Plympton. “What are you going to do when you get there?” inquired the curious acquaintance. “Oh, I’m going to play Jack and Clito.” “Ah, indeed,” rejoined the other, “going with Kate Forsyth, eh?” “Well,” said Mr. Plympton, with a fine air of “putting him right, ma’am,” “Miss Forsyth will be in the cast!” The curious acquaintance felt he had made a mistake somehow, and uncomfortably subsided, and yet somehow he couldn’t help thinking that though perhaps Mr. Plympton may possibly succeed in making Clito a less uninteresting creature than the lovesick Greek sculptor appeared when we looked at him through the medium of Mr. Wilson Barrett, yet that Miss Forsyth will make it evident that she is something more than merely “in the cast.”

AS SOON AS IT BECAME NOISED about in the theatrical circles that Charles Frohman was going to bring out the dramatization of Mr. Haggard’s “She” swarms of actresses, all of them anxious to perform the part of the supremely beautiful being who performs the central figure in the work, began to pour in upon the rotund little manager. They came from all quarters and were of all sizes, ages, colors and previous conditions of servitude. One of them was a damsel of uncertain age and bore upon her countenance unmistakable marks of advancing years. She came to Mr. Frohman with great earnestness, and she stuck to him with a large and far-reaching tenacity. He put her off with the various gentle excuses which men invent in talking business with women to avoid offending them by refusing their requests outright. But this did not avail; the prehistoric actress stuck to her task and was not so much as a moment abashed. Finally she exclaimed sharply to Mr. Frohman: “Perhaps you don’t think I could look the part; is that the reason you won’t give it to me?”

“Oh, dear no,” replied the smiling manager. “You would certainly look the character—after she came out of the fire.”

IT IS SAID ON ONE OCCASION John Drew confided to Stetson that he had written two scenes of a play upon which he wanted his judgment. Stetson settled himself with what resignation he could summon to listen to the production of Drew’s muse. The joke-loving Philadelphian then proceeded to read an act of “Hamlet,” with the names altered. He had spouted through two scenes, when Stetson stopped him in disgust. “Look here, John,” he said, “you know I like you. I think you’re a clever fellow, and I don’t want to hurt your feelings; but you just take my advice, stick to acting and let play writing alone. I know you mean well, but that stuff is the greatest rot I ever heard. There isn’t a manager in this country that would touch it.”

On another occasion a young playwright came with a society drama which he wanted Stetson to listen to. He read a page or two and looked up for approval. His listener sat perfectly silent, contemplating his toes with dejection.

“What do you think of it so far, Mr. Stetson?” asked the young man. “I have been told the quality of my work much resembles Sardou’s.”

“Sardou?” snorted Stetson, “Sardou? You remind me a good deal more of a sardine. Go home, young man.” And the wretched author fled.

News comes from New York that Judge Donohue has denied William R. Hayden’s application for an injunction to restrain Mr. Keene from the use of the name “Thomas W. Keene.” Hayden claimed that Keene’s name, as given him by his sponsors in baptism, was Thomas R. Eagleton, but Judge Donohue decided that Keene could advertise himself by any name he wished.

The understanding is that Mr. Keene’s attorneys will now apply for an injunction restraining Hayden from the use of the name “Hayden.” It is claimed that Hayden’s name is not Hayden; that while Hayden is seeking to achieve reputation under the name of a famous old fugue composer his real name is Dauvray—Chief Dauvray, whence comes the French phrase chef d’auvray, which means the “chief of d’auvray,” or Helen D’auvray’s manager. Ariel Barney says that Hayden used to be an Indian chief, a distant relative of old Chief Ouvrav, the famous Ute leader in Colorado.

... will be produced in court to show that Hayden was not known as Hayden until recent prominence. This whole complication Hayden will in turn, try to... is not Barney but Blarney, and vexatious litigation will ensue. ... to be deplored. It were better to wipe out all the old scores and start anew.

WOODEN SPOON.

E. T. BENNETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

E. T. Bennett is another church member who has gone wrong. He has left his wife who was, perhaps, too faithful for him, for a dizzy creature who can kick higher and make things hum in more lively manner. The best people of Bay City, Mich., talk tar and feathers for Bennett. He has left town.

The POLICE GAZETTE is sent regularly to any address 13 weeks for \$1. Order through your newsdealer or direct from the publisher, RICHARD K. FOX.

OUR PICTURES.

Bad For the Cowboy.

A reckless cowboy named W. C. Baldwin attempted to take the town of Fort Smith the other night, and was fatally shot by Deputy Sheriff Rutherford while resisting arrest and attempting to shoot a policeman.

Publicly Cowhided a Clergyman.

A special from Columbia, S. C., September 13, says: At Rock Hill, S. C., J. B. Johnson publicly cowhided the Rev. E. G. Price, a Methodist minister, yesterday, for circulating scandalous stories about his sister. Price left for North Carolina last night to get married, and Johnson followed him on the same train. It is believed that Johnson will force the person to fight. Price’s church is six miles from Rock Hill. Johnson is a member of one of the most respected families of the town. Friends of both persons have taken up the quarrel, and more serious trouble is feared.

Another Fasting Girl.

Miss Sugars, an intelligent and robust young girl of Betterton, a small village near Greenville, Ill., has just gone through a peculiar fast. She had been absent from home for over ten days, and was found in the woods in an almost dying condition. She said that in passing through the woods on her way to the neighbors she had received a call from the Lord to remain there and fast an indefinite time for His sake. So there she stopped and fasted for eleven full days, nothing but water, and that only three times a day, passing her mouth. At night she slept on a bed of leaves, with no covering over her but a shawl.

His Tooth Extracted on the Train.

A novel scene was enacted on a train of the Alexandria and Fredericksburg railroad, Virginia, one morning recently. Dr. S. T. Mason was coming to Washington from Long Branch station when a gentleman approached him and said that he was suffering from a painful toothache. “Do you think you could draw my tooth out now?” he asked. “I will try,” said the doctor pleasantly, and taking out his instruments, which he happened to have with him, he improvised the forward seat of the car into a dentist’s chair, and a few seconds later the tooth was successfully extracted, although the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The incident caused considerable amusement among the passengers.

Where Burglars May Do as They Please.

The wealthy residents of the east shore of Staten Island are talking about forming a vigilance committee. The reason is the large number of burglaries occurring on Staten Island. During the past forty-five days no less than fifteen burglaries have taken place. There has been also a great number of attempted robberies. Central avenue, Tompkinsville, on which the residences of wealthy bankers, brokers and merchants of this city are situated, is the burglars’ favorite prey. The residences of W. H. Motley, J. B. Edgar and several others have been robbed during the past fortnight. The thieves reaped a golden harvest at these places. In Mr. William Rockstroh’s mansion Saturday night they stole a large sum of money and silverware worth \$200. They drank his wine and threw the bottle on the floor. There are only forty-six policemen on Staten Island.

Caught In the Act.

A special from Henderson, Ky., Sept. 12, says: During the past few weeks no less than seven fires have occurred on the farm of H. F. Dade near this city, destroying in all about \$20,000 worth of property. It was soon discovered that some incendiary hand was at work, and a strong guard was kept on duty day and night. About two weeks since a valuable barn, with its contents, worth \$7,000 was burned, and frequently hay-stacks would be fired in one part of the field while the guard was in another. On Sunday, about noon, a negro named George Scott, who lived on the Dade farm, was seen to set fire to a hay-stack and run. The guard pursued and captured the fiend, but while being questioned before Mr. Dade he broke loose and came near making his escape. A guard on horseback, however, took up the chase, and after shooting the negro in the back with a load of buckshot and knocking him down with the butt-end of a gun finally secured him. The fire fiend was hurried to jail in a wagon amid threats of lynching. There is little doubt that the prisoner would have been lynched last night, had it not been for the fact that he was expected to implicate others in the crimes. Scott had not been suspected by Mr. Dade, who had actually employed him as one of the guards for a time, and no reason can be assigned for the devilish work other than that the negro is the probable tool of others.

Crazed by Cocaine.

A special from Atlanta, Ga., September 11, says: Dr. L. E. Borcheim, one of Atlanta’s most prominent citizens, committed suicide in his room at the Kimball this morning. He is a victim to the cocaine habit. Borcheim came to Atlanta about five years ago. He was of Jewish extraction, has always been prominent in Jewish circles and soon built up one of the best practices in the city. He was a man not much over thirty years of age, stood well socially, was a member of the Capital City Club and was surgeon of the famous Gate City Guard. The opium habit has been his curse. One result has been that his health has, for two years, been quite bad. He is said to have had fainting fits, and on one or two occasions was believed to be dead.

About two years ago, while in New York, he went into one of the trances, was pronounced dead and was placed in a coffin for burial, when he recovered. About ten months ago he was very ill, a lung trouble having developed. By a wonderful display of will-power he fought his way back to life, although his case was pronounced hopeless by the physicians in attendance. As soon as he was strong enough he went to Philadelphia, and when he returned, about five months ago, he looked as if he had completely recovered his health. He was full of animal spirits, and declared that he never felt so well in his life.

The act of suicide was committed at about eight o’clock this morning, but was not discovered until some time later, when a chambermaid went to his room. As she opened

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Mary Sylvester.

Mary Sylvester, the young girl so badly injured in escaping from the clutches of the villain Murray, at Minneapolis, Minn., still lies in a critical condition. Her sister is constantly with her. Subscriptions for her benefit now amount to about \$1,100.

Murray is at Ft. Snelling, under a military guard. Murray has a black record in Philadelphia. In con-



Lew Murray.

junction with Emma Allen he kept the "Philadelphia Employment Exchange," after he had operated other employment agencies in other parts of the city until the localities became too hot for him. From almost every town in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey he received answers to his advertisements, and in each received a "premium" from the applicant. He disappointed them all. He never got a girl a place unless he could induce her to enter a house of prostitution.

"It would be hard to find in all dramatic literature a more tragical story than that of poor Mary Sylvester," said a well-known business man of Minneapolis. "When all the surrounding circumstances are considered there is not one element of pathos found lacking. Here was a pure, innocent girl of unusual beauty. Born and reared in the country, she had no conception of the depths to which lust will bring depraved men. Poverty had kept her occupied with household drudgery while her young heart was swelling with nameless ambition. At last by dint of hard work, modest perseverance and economy she gains the opportunity for which she has long waited. Arrived in the city, she falls into the clutches of a beast in human form, who runs an intelligence office. Her beauty and innocence awaken his lustful instincts and the cunning brute hoping to entrap her and expecting her defenseless position to aid his base design, holds out a glittering prospect. A clerkship with what seems to her a munificent salary and immediate emancipation from drudgery, honorable, virtuous employment in which her dormant talent will become useful and her nameless ambitions will attain fruition—these are the tempting baits he holds forth. Her wildest dream has not pictured more than this, and she gladly accepts. From this time the climax hurries on. The beast contracts with the keeper of a vile den for her ruin, and leads her to what he hopes will be the scene of her submission to his desires. The girl believes him to be an upright business man, such as she has before known, and although made apprehensive by what she sees and hears, determined to risk unseen dangers which may prove illusive rather than give up the realization of her bright and happy dream.

"At last when the brute believes her to be thoroughly defenceless and in his clutches, surrounded by persons accustomed to such villainous acts as that he is engaged in, he discloses his design. Then follow the heroic struggle of the girl for her honor, her strategy when strength is gone, and the leap from the window into the darkness. She prefers death and virtue to life and shame."

JEALOUS OF A TRAMP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A special from Eaton, Ohio, Sept. 13, says: This morning it became known that a murder had been committed five miles southeast of here. The scene was at the residence of Joseph McBride, who resides with his wife and three small children on their farm. Your correspondent went to the scene of the murder

this morning, and found John Babbitt, aged about thirty years, lying in the northwest room of the house on his back on the floor, dead, from a gunshot wound just above the nipple in the right side. There was a large hole in the plastering just north of the door, showing that two shots had been fired. The last shot undoubtedly was the one that did the killing. When your correspondent arrived at the house none of the McBride family were at home. McBride had gone to Eaton and Mrs. McBride and her children and a lady visitor, a Mrs. Voore, of Richmond, Ind., had gone over to Mr. Jacob Fisher's, the father of Mrs. McBride, a short distance away. When asked why her husband had killed Babbitt, Mrs. McBride said it was jealousy.

THE "MAN AT THE CRIB" INSANE.

In an Asylum After Several Attempts to Kill His Very Faithful Wife.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, Sept. 13, says: Capt. Charles Kallstrom, widely known among the vesselmen of the great lakes and the people of Chicago as the "Man at the Crib," was taken to the insane department of the county jail last night a hopeless maniac. The captain is a native of Finland, and met his wife, who was an Irish lass, during a trip to Ireland on a merchant vessel of which he was captain. They were married, and a few years later came to America. Kallstrom received the appointment of keeper at the Crib, a lighthouse some miles out in the lake where the tunnel ends that supplies the city with water. Through stormy weather and fair weather they were guarding the great wells and keeping the lights burning in the tower above. A half million people drank the filtered water that was looked after by the lonely little couple at the other end of the big hydrant. At rare intervals curious visitors came to see what sort of a looking box the Crib was.

One day an incident occurred that made the couple famous. The captain, in a rowboat, had been to the city, and a squall overtook him on his way back. He managed to reach the Crib, where his wife was alone and had to raise the boat by a windlass by herself. A hurricane lashed the waters into a foam as the stout-hearted woman worked at the windlass for her husband's life. She partially hoisted the boat and then put her hands on the railing and leaped below to secure it. A spike caught under the gold wedding ring on her finger, and as she dropped her finger was torn from its socket and hung on the rail above her head. With the blood flowing in a stream from the hole, she secured the boat and then bore up while the wound was wrapped. Had she faltered for a moment her husband's life would certainly have been the forfeit.

So strange an incident attracted general attention, and Kallstrom, whenever he came ashore, had to tell and retell the story, and many a flowing bowl was quaffed to his brave wife. He gradually got to drinking too much. He had had a fall from the mast to the deck of a vessel when a boy, and that taken with the drink, affected his brain. He began to imagine queer things, and one day accused his wife of flirting with the visitors who came, especially the Aldermen and Mayor. They left the Crib, and the Crib keeper's friends got him to start a saloon, which he ran until recently. It is now known that he has made frequent attempts to kill the brave little woman who saved him from the waves. Mrs. Kallstrom is nearly heartbroken.

AMOS AND CORA CROSS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Viola Pauline Floyd versus Amos C. Cross was the style of a suit filed in the Common Pleas court at Memphis, Tenn. The suit is the culmination of a series of unpleasant encounters which have broken up a hitherto intimate relationship.

The plaintiff is known among the demi-monde of Memphis as Cora Cross, and the defendant as the well-known baseball man. They met two years ago, and Cross was at once smitten with Cora. She thought well of him, and in the loose and easy way of this gay world they have lived together since then, almost as man and wife. They got along first-rate, spending the winter in Cleveland, Cross' home. Last spring Amos went to Memphis some time in advance of the girl, and, being unwell, went to stay at the house of a friend who had a young unmarried sister-in-law. The girl was in the habit of waiting on Cross during his illness and they formed an intimacy. When the former love arrived, however, she called on Amos, and it did not take her long to size up matters. The result was that Amos changed boarding houses. After that things moved on smoothly until a few days ago, when Miss Cora received an intimation that Cross was unfaithful to her. At a little cottage between Walnut and Grayson streets, she was informed that Mr. Amos Cross was boarding.

"Whom will you see," asked the young woman who showed her in, "Mr. Cross or the lady?"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference," replied the visitor, "either will do. They should have met me at the train."

She was shown to a rear room. A knock elicited the usual question, "Who's there?" Another knock and another query from within. Then she stepped back and threw the weight of her body against the door. It flew open, and as it did so the light went out. Cora was seized by some one whom she recognized as Cross by his voice. A dramatic scene ensued, and a tragedy was barely averted. He finally induced her to get into a coupe, promising to meet her the next day and explain.

The next day when they met by appointment Cora demanded her diamond ring, which Amos had been wearing. He refused to give it up without any intention of keeping it, and the result was a suit in Magistrate McCann's court, an order of delivery and the immediate recovery of the ring. Amos paid the costs and for a time there seemed to be an end of the matter.

Cora determined to leave town, and she thought it no more than right to have \$225 which she had loaned Amos to assist in paying for a horse with. This she demanded, and as he was not in position to refund, the suit was filed.

PACKED AWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Irwinton, Ga., September 12, says: At the April term of Wilkinson Superior Court James Lavender was indicted for shooting at another. Three gentlemen became bondsmen for him. About two months ago it was found he had disappeared. His bondsmen offered a reward for him, and detectives were soon upon his trail, and soon succeeded in settling the fact that he lodged at home, as he was seen to enter the house. The bondsmen were notified of this fact, and they secreted themselves near the house, saw him enter, followed close upon him and demanded admittance. After some delay, were admitted, and a thorough search was instituted, but no Lavender could

be found. This was repeated two or three times, when at last on Saturday night last, they again saw him enter the house, and knew he was surely there. They resolved to find him if the ashes had to be sifted. In moving the furniture around, a small trunk was found to be very heavy, and suspicion fell upon this as being the hiding place of the prisoner, but how a man six feet tall could pack himself in so small a trunk was the question. The key was demanded, but Mrs. Lavender said the trunk belonged to her sister who lived three miles away. The party decided to send for the key and investigate contents. A messenger was dispatched for the key, and the party sat down to await his return. Something could be heard inside the trunk as a man breathing. In due time the messenger arrived, the trunk was opened, and the impudent six-foot Lavender was found coiled up in the small trunk. He was brought here yesterday and lodged in jail to await trial in October.

SUSIE TAMED HIM.

Charming Prima Donna Kirwin Overcomes a Furious Horse at Franklin, Pa.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Franklin, Pa., September 8, says: As mentioned elsewhere the Wilbur Opera Company, of which Miss Susie Kirwin is the prima donna, is playing an engagement in Franklin this week. Miss Kirwin, who is a great admirer of the equine race, in company with Miss Annie Freeland, Mr. J. E. Conly, and your representative, paid a visit to the fair grounds on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of viewing the great exhibition of stock. The party was accompanied on their trip around the grounds by several of the fair officials, who were greatly taken with the fearless manner in which Miss Kirwin approached the horses and cattle. At last they drew near a stall which had been built up rather higher than the surrounding ones, and the gentleman who was acting as guide was about to pass it without stopping when Miss Kirwin, asserting her woman's privilege to ask questions, inquired what was in the stall. The gentleman answered that it contained a young mare which had only arrived at the grounds that morning, and which was so wild and uncontrollable that they had been compelled to hobble her until she was nearly unable to move, and not allow any one to enter her stall.

This explanation only served to increase the fair singer's desire to see the mare, but for a time her companions would not hear to it, until at last she begged so hard that the guide consented to open the door. No risk was anticipated, as it was supposed the mare had been securely tied, and as the door swung open Miss Kirwin stepped into the large box stall, and as she did so her friends were horrified to see the mare spring up from where she had been lying and make a wicked rush at the little lady. The ropes had been broken and the mare was loose. There was no time for any one to do anything, and the party stood motionless expecting to see Miss Kirwin horribly torn by the infuriated beast. The little woman, however, had plenty of nerve and stood her ground looking the mare full in the eye, and just as the latter was about to spring at her she reached out her hand and commenced stroking the brute's head and saying: "Poor horse, poor horse." The mare stopped trembling for a moment and then allowed her hand to drop lower and lower.

Miss Kirwin still continued to fondle her until at last the savage spirit seemed to have entirely departed and the mare rested her head on the prima donna's shoulders. The lady then took her by the broken halter and led her back to the corner where she had been tied and there fastened her securely, while a round of applause at her bravery and nerve burst from her companions. After the mare was fastened, Miss Kirwin inquired what her name was, and the superintendent of the stables said she had not yet been named. Mr. Conley quickly stepped forward and said: "Then I would suggest that in honor of the courage displayed by Miss Kirwin on this occasion that the little mare be christened 'Susie Kirwin No. 2.'" The suggestion was agreed to by all as most appropriate, one, and a few moments later the name of "Susie Kirwin No. 2" had been entered in the book in which the pedigrees of the famous horses of this farm are kept, and the prima donna departed with a farewell pat on the back of the newly named mare, saying as she did so that she would eagerly watch the career of her namesake on the turf. All agree that it was one of the most courageous acts they had ever seen.

A GHASTLY TABLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A well-known New York surgeon has just imported from Florence, Italy, a table which, for originality in the matter of construction and ghastliness in conception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Sagatti, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like a polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four-claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upward of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their luster and seem to follow the observer. Sagatti died about fifty years ago. He obtained his bodies from the hospitals and indurated them by impregnation with mineral salts.

W. BYRD PAGE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This young athlete, recently returned to this country with honors, was born in Philadelphia in 1865. He is the son of the chief assayer of the United States mint and belongs to a wealthy and aristocratic family. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and is a brilliant scholar.

ISABELLA WARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Isabella Ward, the charming young musical artiste, who has made such a brilliant hit with Hallen and Hart's First Prize Ideals is a lady of remarkably versatile talent. Miss Ward is well-known in the western country as an actress of undoubted ability in the dramatic profession.

THE FATED ANARCHISTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our double page this week is a timely illustration of the resentencing of the Chicago Anarchists.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Marshal Pat Burns.

Deputy Marshal Burns, of the Des Moines police department, seems to have been the only man who ever had the courage to collar the notorious prohibition crank, Frank Pierce, whose mug we have printed in this paper some time ago, and cast him behind the bars and bolts, where he belongs. Marshal Burns is a fearless, faithful officer who is the terror of crooks and cranks who interfere with the welfare of the good people of Des Moines. He is also a very popular one.

G. H. EISKAMP, alias HANS VON METZRADT.

It seems that an educated impostor, who calls himself G. H. Eiskamp sometimes and at other times Hans Von Metzradt, has been working the State of Indiana for some time. Evansville has especially suffered from his queer physic. Eiskamp claims to be a full licensed medical doctor and has been cutting it very fat in the West.

G. L. SNEED.

A very strange and unfortunate accident happened Mr. G. L. Sneed, the editor of the Kosciusko (Miss.) Star, a few days ago. It seems that the handsome journalist was making faces at pretty girls when his phiz became contracted in a very comical manner—rather painful, however, to Brother Sneed. His physician, after several hours' labor, got the editor's face in its proper condition again. He swears off making snoots for the present.

W. J. OSBORNE.

W. J. Osborne, late of Boston, Mass., is in the hands of the Chicago police, charged with having forged checks for \$1,000 by signing Mr. Carson's name; trying to pass checks calling for \$325 on Woodstock & Loring, and stealing an opera glass from Hutton & Co. While the facts about the prisoner's efforts were being discussed the police authorities received a telegram from Boston to the effect that Osborne was wanted at Cambridgeport, Mass., for forging a check for \$1,500. Osborne was then escorted to Photographer Evans' room, where his picture was taken for the "rogues' gallery." Further investigation of the property found in Osborne's effects brought to light a forged draft on the Charles River National Bank for \$1,500. The date on which the note was drawn was July 19 of this year, and the indorsements were A. A. Folsom, of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and Joseph A. Balch, a prominent merchant of Boston.

The officers say that their prisoner will also be prosecuted for other offenses. Pawn tickets calling for goods valued at \$425 and a subscription list which gave the names of fifty persons who had paid Osborne about \$300, with which he was to have presented Burdock, of the Boston baseball club, with a watch and chain, were found. Osborne admits that he took the money and came West. The Boston *Herald* and *Globe* and Wright & Ditson were among the victims.

LUCKY PEOPLE.

Two of the coupons of ticket No. 50,255 which drew the capital prize of \$150,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery are held by persons in this State. George Smith, a grocer, residing at the corner of Fifteenth and Kirkham streets, in Oakland, was lucky enough to purchase one of the coupons, and now rejoices in the receipt of nearly \$15,000 as the result of his investment. Mr. Smith has long been known as a reputable merchant and as a prominent member of several German organizations of that city. The possession of such unexpected wealth in no degree affects his usual equanimity, and his demeanor under such circumstances proves him to be eminently fitted to bear such a stroke of good fortune. Some years ago, when beginning his present business in a small way, he contracted certain debts, which on account of misfortune, he was never able to pay. The very first thing that he now proposes to do is to liquidate every dollar of his past indebtedness and again stand before the world, owing no man anything. In the spring he proposes to pay a last visit to the fatherland and to return to this country and continue his present business in Oakland.

The other coupon was sold to Mrs. Sam Fountain in company with another lady residing near Tehachapi, in this State.

In both instances within five days after the announcement of the drawing the money was in this city to the credit of the parties holding the tickets.

It is a singular fact that neither of the coupons were held by the original purchasers. The one held by Mr. Smith was first bought by police officer Anderson, of Oakland, and the other one was bought by Elmer Stearns, a telegraph operator at Tehachapi, and by him resold to the fortunate owner.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Sept. 3.



C. W. WILLIAMS,
THE TALENTED VENTRILOQUIST OF THE VARIETY STAGE.



ISABELLA WARD,
THE CHARMING AND POPULAR MUSICAL ARTISTE.



TAKING A CRIMINAL'S MEASURE.
HOW THE INMATES OF JOLIET STATE PRISON ARE SEARCHED FOR BUMPS AND
OTHER MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION.

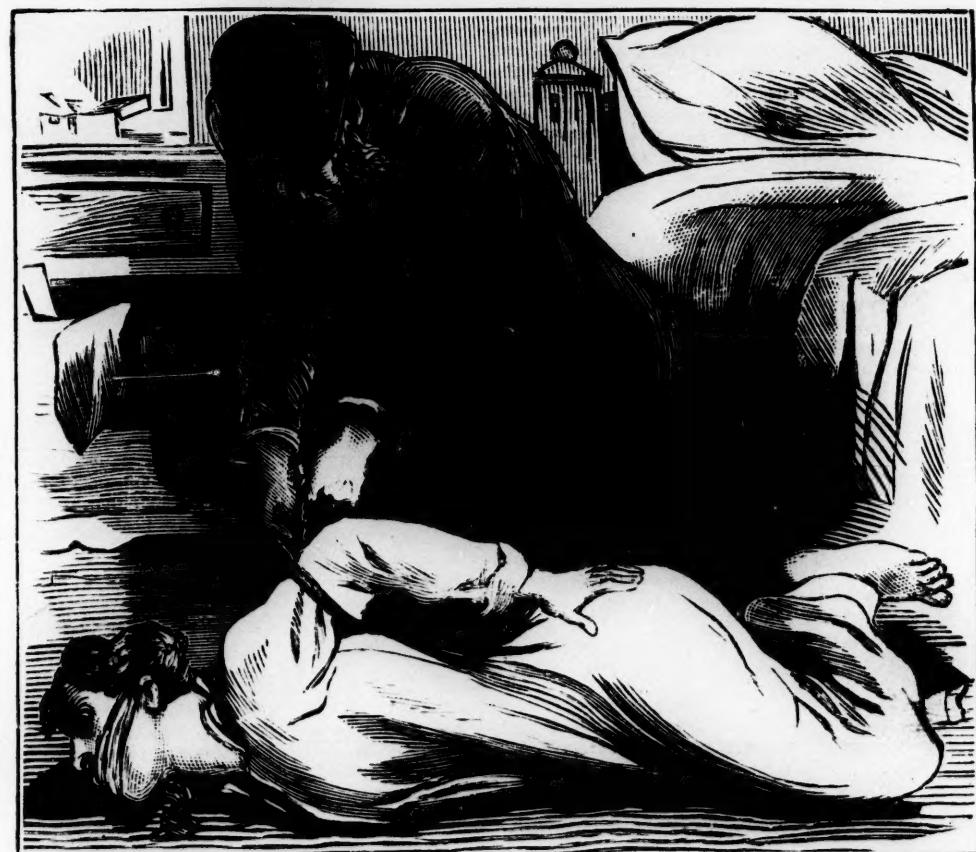


COWHIDING A PARSON.
THE REV. E. G. PRICE, A METHODIST MINISTER, IS PUBLICLY THRASHED AT
ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA.



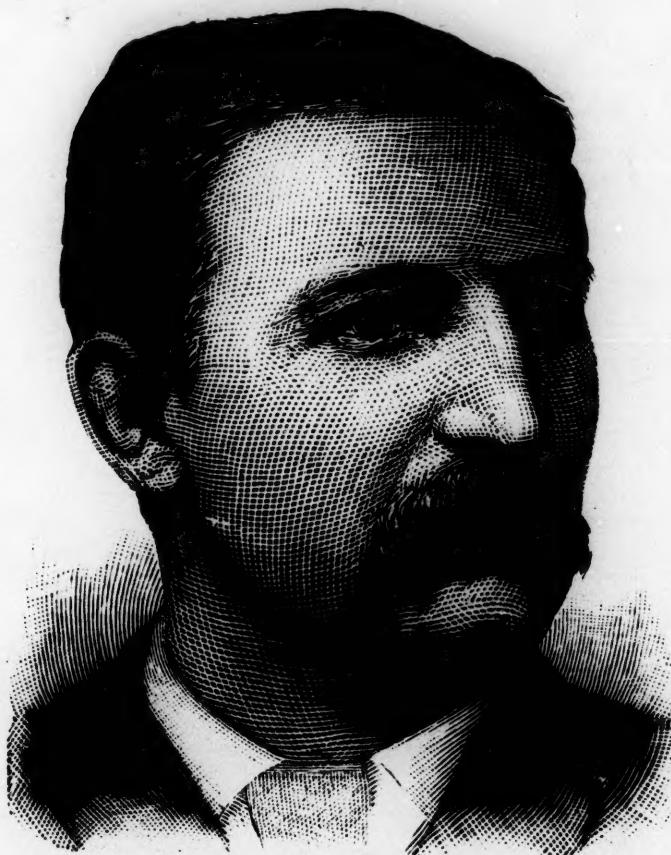
A GHASTLY TABLE.

THE HORRIBLE CURIOSITY JUST IMPORTED FROM ITALY BY A PROMINENT
NEW YORK SURGEON.



GALLANT MRS. SHEA.

A NEW YORK LADY ROBBED AND TERRIBLY BEATEN BY A MIDNIGHT BURGLAR
NEAR HAVERSTRAW, NEW YORK.



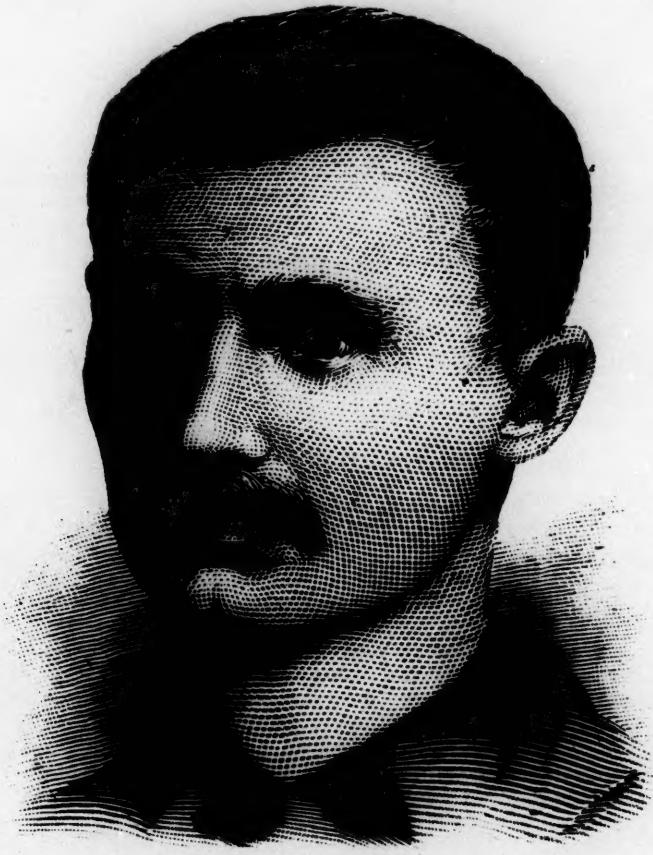
GEORGE A. ELY,

THE ALLEGED ABSCONDING COUNTY CLERK WHO IS SAID TO HAVE COLLARED A BOODLE TO PLEASE A DAISY, POTTSVILLE, PA.



CORA CROSS,

THE GAY DAMSEL WHO KICKED THE DOOR IN ON BALL TOSSE



AMOS C. CROSS,

THE BALL TOSSE WHO HAS BECOME NOTORIOUS WITH THE FAIR COBA WHO BEARS HIS NAME, MEMPHIS, TENN.



HAL REID,

THE HANDSOME RASCAL WHO SO BRUTALLY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF PRETTY MAUD COMSON, WANTED AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



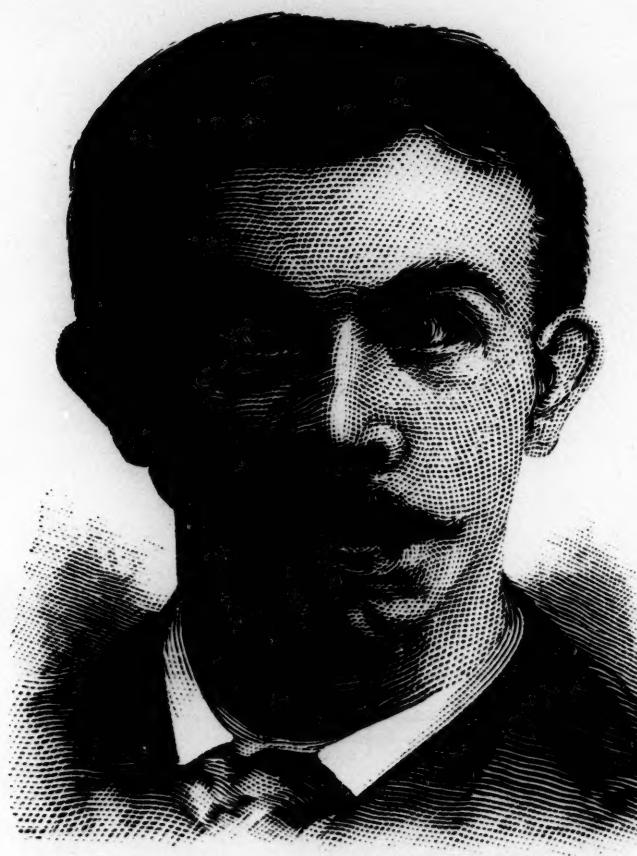
MRS. J. C. HENRY,

THE FAITHLESS WIFE WHO WAS CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS BY HER HUSBAND WITH CHARLES ENDENS, FAIR HAVEN, OHIO.



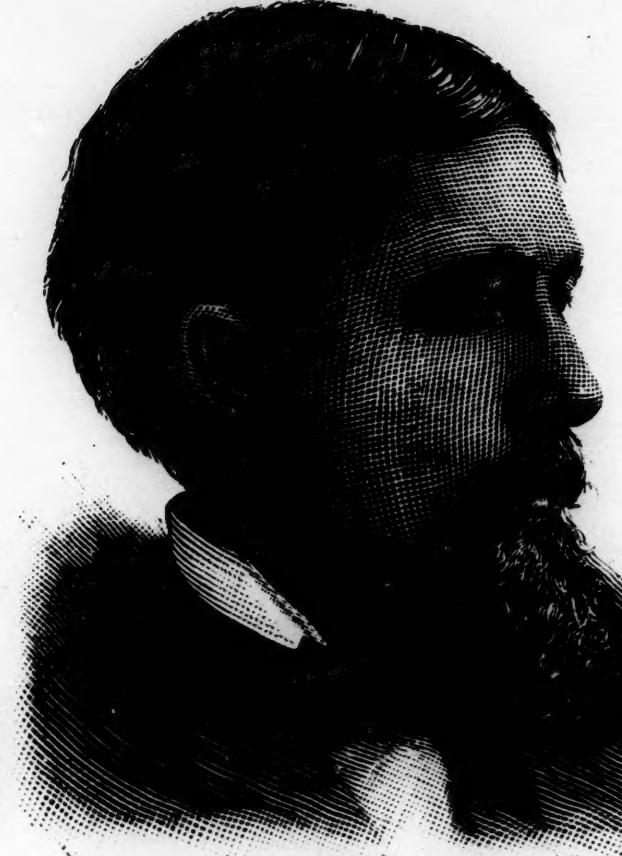
"DR." G. H. EISKAMP,

KNOWN ALSO AS DR. HANS VON METZRADT WHO CLAIMED TO BE A LICENSED PHYSICIAN, EXPOSED AT EVANSVILLE, IND.



G. L. SNEED,

THE HANDSOME EDITOR OF THE KOSCIUSKO, MISS., "STAR" WHOSE FACE BECAME CONTRACTED WHILE SMILING AT SOME GIRLS.



E. T. BENNETT,

ANOTHER CHURCH MEMBER WHO HAS LEFT HIS WIFE FOR A MORE DIZZY CREATURE, AND SKIPPED AWAY FROM BAY CITY, MICH.



W. J. OSBORNE,

A BOSTONIAN CHARGED WITH WHOLESALE FORGERY AND OTHER QUEER THINGS IN CHICAGO AND ELSEWHERE.

THE WORST YET.

Andrew Johnson, the Man-Killer of Bell-County, Kentucky.

HOW HE DID IT.

Full Proofs of His Guilt, But No Jury Will Dare to Convict Him.

A RED ROMANCE.

A special from Louisville, Ky., Sept. 17, says: Andrew Johnson, the most notorious desperado in Kentucky since the death of Craig Tolliver, who was recently formally acquitted of one charge of murder by the Circuit Court at Pineville, Bell county, is under indictment for two more murders, and the trial of these cases will probably take up the whole term of the Circuit Court. There is little doubt that he will be acquitted in the last two, as in the first. His blood-stained record is credited with the killing of five persons, and he is not yet 24 years old.

Josiah Hoskins and his seven-year-old daughter, Esther, and Thomas Napier were his three last victims. They were waylaid and shot down by Johnson, at Pineville, on the morning of Sunday, May 10, 1885. They were returning from church, and were slain in the streets in sight of their homes. His trial for the killing of the little girl is the one for which he has been acquitted.

In every way a different type of manhood from Craig Tolliver, Johnson is as daring and desperate, and an



DESPERATE JOHNSON.

equal representative of the lawless, vendetta-loving class of the Kentucky mountains.

Andy Johnson is an assassin, while Craig Tolliver was a guerrilla.

Johnson is a tall and awkward mountaineer, an inch, or possibly two, above six feet, but of a slender and loose-jointed frame. His face is repulsive in every feature, and has been made worse by the loss of his right eye and the entire absence of his upper front teeth, which were shot away in a fight with a man he afterward assassinated. His complexion is of a peculiar sallow, which reminds one of a corpse, and this illusion is not dispelled by his fishy blue eye. The most remarkable feature of his face is the huge mouth with its wide, thin lips, missing teeth and crafty, sensual expression. His hair is thin and light, forehead high but narrow, ears large and projecting. Not talkative, he has few companions, and while he has the courage of the assassin and the reputation of a "killer," he does not have many friends even of that class which is always attracted to the desperado.

Johnson's home is at Pineville and there he was visited by a *Herald* correspondent a few days after the triple murder, for one of which he has been legally justified.

Used as was the community to bloody encounters—for Bell county has a record as bloody as Rowan's—it had not yet recovered from the shock. The blood of the victims had not dried in the streets, and the hideous crime was the subject of every street corner crowd.

The triple assassination took place some time near noon. On the fatal morning Hoskins, in company with Thomas Napier, Henry Bird, Mrs. Viley Ferguson, Misses Cynthia Austin and Susie Britton, and two little children, nephew and niece of Mr. Hoskins, drove a few miles out of town to a neighboring church. Pineville, which is situated on the Cumberland river, has but one street, this being really a rocky country road, which led directly past Johnson's house. It was an ordinary one-story frame structure, and just across the road on the abnormally rising side of Pine Mountain was a little box structure which Johnson was then using as a barroom in defiance of a local option law.

Behind this grogery, at the time for the return of the churchgoers approached, a man in his shirt sleeves stepped and waited. He was Andy Johnson, and he carried with him a double-barreled shotgun and also a needle gun, which he placed at his side.

Soon the wagon came in sight, but with the rattle of the wheels Johnson stepped behind the shanty. As the party reached the outskirts of the village Esther, Mr. Hoskins' seven-year-old daughter, ran to meet them and was taken up on the front seat, which her

father occupied with Napier. All were laughing and talking, and none had the slightest suspicion of the assassin in waiting.

As the wagon came opposite to the shanty Johnson stepped from behind its concealing walls and leveled his shotgun. He aimed at Napier; but, determined that he should know from whose hands death came, he shouted:

"Look out, Napier!" and his finger pressed the trigger as the doomed man half sprang to his feet. His skull shattered by a load of buckshot, Napier fell, and Johnson shouted again:

"Look out, Hoskins!" The deadly charge missed, it

to Circuit Judge Finley, now congressman elect, who had come to hold court. Judge Finley at once paroled Johnson, and he was never placed inside the jail walls. After the Grand Jury had been in session five days indictments were returned against the murderer in each case. His counsel moved for bail, to which the Commonwealth objected, but Judge Finley stated that it had been made a precedent in that district to accept bail in every case. Johnson accordingly was allowed to give bond for \$5,000 in each case and was released.

A correspondent called upon the murderer that afternoon. Johnson was anxious to give his side of the case, and talked freely about all his troubles. His

GALLANT MRS. SHEA.

A New York Lady Robbed and Terribly Beaten Near Haverstraw, N. Y.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special to Spring Valley, N. Y., Sept. 13, says: Particulars of a bold robbery that occurred on Thursday morning last have just reached here. Mrs. Eliza Roberts and her two sons, young men, live on a farm on the mountain road, two miles south of Haverstraw. For many summers the family of William Shea, of No. 59 Broome street, New York City, relatives of Mrs. Roberts, have spent the season on the farm. Mr. Shea is in business with M. Donohue, of 27 Hudson street, New York.

On Thursday morning before daylight Mrs. Shea, who is about thirty years old, was aroused by some one opening a bureau drawer. As she called, "Auntie, is that you?" she received a terrible blow upon the head. While attempting to get out of bed she was struck several times with a club, each blow leaving its mark. Mrs. Shea's cries for assistance exasperated the thief, who grasped her by the throat and choked her till she became unconscious. He then broke open Mrs. Shea's trunk, from which he took about \$70, a gold watch and other valuables. He also forced open a desk belonging to Mrs. Roberts and secured \$30. Mrs. Shea regained consciousness and called for help. Again the thief choked, kicked and struck her. She was forced to the floor, a gag placed in her mouth and tightly bound there with a handkerchief. Her feet were tied, and after binding her hands behind her the burglar took from her fingers three rings, one of which was a diamond.

A four-year-old child who was crying was then picked up by the intruder, who, with an oath, threatened to dash its brains out. A slight choking, however, was sufficient to stop its noise. Before leaving, the fellow took up a small bottle of brandy which he found in the trunk, and wishing Mrs. Shea's health and happiness drank the contents. Although chairs and other furniture were upset Mrs. Roberts and her sons slept soundly, and were not aware of what had taken place until Mrs. Roberts went to call Mrs. Shea for breakfast. Mrs. Roberts found her bound, gagged and apparently dead. She was at once released, but the horror of the night had so upset her, and her injuries were so great that it was not until the end of the second day that she was able to give a complete account of what had occurred and a description of her assailant. She says she could readily recognize him. He had sharp features, was partly bald, wore side whiskers and was apparently about fifty years old. He spoke good English, but impressed Mrs. Shea as being a



THE CONFLICT WITH THE JOHNSON GANG.

is charitable to suppose, its intended victim, but crashed through Esther's head.

Determined not to be foiled, in an instant the assassin snatched up his needle gun, and this time with unerring aim sent a bullet into the brain of Hoskins, who threw up his hands and fell to the road beside Napier, while the horses, relieved from the driver's reins and frightened to madness by the screams and shots, dashed wildly down the street. Henry Birdholt jumped and half fell out of the wagon, but the other inmates kept their seats till the horses were caught and stopped by the crowd which the firing was already bringing from various parts of the town.

Johnson did not have his vengeance glutted by the death of his victims. They must have expired instantly, but he emptied his needle gun at their quivering carcasses, and then began firing with a revolver. His brother, Leander Johnson, and a man named Elihu Sayler, rushed out to his assistance just as John and Jeff Hoskins appeared upon the scene. They knew what was the matter, and began shooting at the assassins as soon as they arrived within range. Johnson was like a tiger which had tasted blood, and undauntedly stood his ground. Several shots were exchanged, and John Hoskins, after emptying his pistol, turned and fled.

Jeff had two revolvers and kept coming nearer until a bullet from Andy Johnson struck him in the thigh. Then he fell to the ground, and the desperado retreated to his house with his confederates and barred the doors. The dead men were not twenty yards from them, and for half an hour the bodies lay in the sun, while hogs rooted around and ate the blood and brains that were scattered on the stony street. Finally a friend of Johnson's came up and begged permission to remove the corpses from the spot. It was granted, and they were carried to Joshua Hoskins' house, where there was another heart-breaking scene.

When the wagon was stopped, the women, half crazy with fright, were crouching in the straw-covered bottom of the vehicle. The children had been thrown or jolted to the front, and the little boy was covered with blood.

"Biddy's dead!" he wailed as he was pulled out of the straw. "Biddy" was the child's nickname.

"Biddy's dead!" he screamed, and the little girl's body was lifted out by a shuddering woman with children of her own.

Sure enough the child's spirit had fled. The little chip hat which she wore was lying in the bottom of the wagon bed, and it had been torn to pieces by the time he was slain.

wife, a pretty mountain girl, was in the room with her three children, and listened stolidly to the talk. Leander Johnson and Elihu Sayler, for both of whom warrants have been issued, were in the house. Their presence was known to everybody in town, probably even to Judge Finley, but no attempt was made to place them under arrest.

Of course Johnson pleaded justification for his crimes, and gave a detailed history of the trouble which led to the killings, which he made not the slightest attempt to deny. He said that he and Hoskins had had several fights. The latter was the jailer of Pineville and Napier was a prisoner, though, as was the law custom in the mountains, he was given practical liberty under a parole. The trouble began on the day preceding the Congressional election of 1882. There was a large crowd in town and a good deal of whisky was being drunk. John Hinkle and William Tinsley got into a quarrel, and Hoskins and Johnson interfered. They also quarreled and Johnson shot the jailer in the thigh, and also mortally wounded Dr. J. M. Roberts, who was standing near. Mount Pursiful, another bystander, received a shot in the leg from the same ready weapon. The latter two shootings were claimed to be accidental, and Johnson was only indicted for the killing of Dr. Roberts. No official cognizance was taken of the two wounded men, and after the case had been put off for years, Johnson was some months ago acquitted of the murder of Dr. Roberts.

Napier came into collision with Andy in the next affray, which took place on the day of the congressional election in 1884. There was much political excitement, Johnson and his friends being republicans and the Hoskinss and Napier being democrats. In some way Andy got into a fight with Napier and Carson Hoskins, a cousin of the jailer, in front of the Court House. Hoskins ran, and at the corner of the house was shot and killed, by Johnson it is generally believed. The latter also tried to shoot Napier, but his pistol hung fire and he missed. Napier then seized a shotgun and shot Johnson in the mouth and eye, maiming him for life.

The farce of legal investigation was gone through with again, but Johnson and a number of his partisans swore positively that the shot which killed Carson Hoskins was fired by Napier, and the latter was indicted. A republican grand jury is charged with being responsible for this, and as Napier had a better reputation than Johnson, it is probable that he was really innocent, as claimed. Nevertheless he was thrown into jail and was a nominal prisoner at the time he was slain.



THE CAPTURE OF THE DARING COON.

heavy charge of buckshot which had shattered her tiny skull.

Johnson was not arrested and he did not leave town till the next day. Then he sent word to the county judge that he would surrender if allowed bail. This was refused, and then he left town, going up near Cumberland Gap, where he defied capture. A deputy sheriff was sent after him with a posse, but probably through fear made no arrest, and coming back to Pineville called upon Governor Knott to furnish militia. The Governor refused, but sent Adjutant General Castleton, who searched out Johnson in his hiding place and induced him to return to Pineville and surrender

All these details Johnson went calmly over, though all the time coloring the matter so as to justify his actions.

"How about the little girl?" asked the reporter, and for the first time Johnson's calmness deserted him and his face fell.

"That was an accident, of course," he answered, "I didn't want to kill the child."

Pineville can never expect great prosperity until Bell county is well rid of Andy Johnson. If the law fails in its duty he will surely meet a violent death sooner or later.



WAITING FOR HIS GAME.

tramp. He is thought to be a fellow who has been swindling the people throughout the county of Rockland with prize packages of paper and envelopes. He successfully worked Nyack some time ago. Mrs. Jacob Lewis, of that place, was swindled out of \$20 by him. The day previous to the robbery he visited the farmers in the vicinity under various disguises. At Casper Forn's he wore a full beard; at Josiah Conklin's, side whiskers which correspond with those described by Mrs. Shea. She says she purchased a prize package from him the day before. This afforded the thief the opportunity to see the diamond ring on Mrs. Shea's finger, and also enabled him to locate the money stolen. The day after the robbery the man was selling his packages in the neighborhood. Mrs. Shea still bears the marks of the rough usage and will not be able to return home until next week.

HAL REID.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Maud Comson, the victim of Hal Reid's outrage, lies at the point of death at Minneapolis, Minn. She has been unconscious for forty-eight hours, and can not recover. Reid has written a letter to Mrs. Williams acknowledging the foul deed. He starts out by saying: "I hereby agree to marry Maud, and will get a divorce from my wife in three weeks." He says further that if he had known that Maud was virtuous he would not have done what he did, but he thought she had gone through the "mill." A special from Chicago says positively that Reid has joined Col. Edging's Dramatic Company at Alliance, Ohio, and that he got a position through a Chicago dramatic agent. He will be arrested in twenty-four hours, as he is without money. He intends to go to Montreal. Reid's wife left him a month ago. She was Miss May Withers, the daughter of Col. Withers, of Walnut Hills. He lived with her about six years ago.

HOLDING THE FORT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Stockton Hotel, Cape May, N. J., has been seized by its unpaid help, who are having a regular picnic, imitating fashionable boarders, etc. We illustrate the scene.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This wonderful young ventriloquist, portrayed on another page, achieved fame at a bound by dropping 3,000 feet from a balloon in Binghamton Driving Park, in Broome county, this State.

JAKE KILRAIN.

What is Thought of Him By
Genuine American
Sporting Men.

A GAME FIGHTER.

The Verdict of His Countrymen
On the American
Champion.

WORTH READING.

The international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, of Battimore, champion of America, and Jim Smith, of London, champion of England, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 a side and championship of the world, is creating a furor in sporting circles, and the approaching mill is the topic in sporting circles, not only in England, but in both hemispheres.

On the Pacific Slope the merits of the champions of the New and Old World have been thoroughly discussed and the records and physical strength and proportions of the rival champions well analyzed. The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent writes: The international mill between Kilrain and Smith is one of the leading topics of conversation in this section of the country. I have interviewed several sporting men in regard to what they think of the mill and the champions, and append their opinions.

Tommy Chandler, the retired middle-weight champion, who fought Dooney Harris for \$6,000 and the middle-weight championship, says by what he has read of Smith and Kilrain, the latter should defeat the English champion, but he thinks it will be very difficult for Kilrain to be treated fairly on the other side.

Jake Black, the well-known sporting man, says: "I am going across to see the mill, and I shall back Kilrain. I think he should knock Smith round like a rubber ball."

Patty Hogan, the retired light-weight champion, who keeps a sporting house in San Francisco, says: "Kilrain is, judging by his record, a better man than many give him credit. Smith has never accomplished any great feat in the prize ring, the men he defeated were never heard of, while Kilrain has always been in the front rank of boxers and has a better record than Smith, and should win if he is allowed to do so by the partisans of Smith." Hogan says he will go over to see the mill.

Winter, the well-known turfman, says: "My hobby is race horses. I do not care very much for boxing matches; but as this is an international match, and it is the champion of America against the champion of England, I shall watch the affair with eager interest."

James De Grew, the well-known sporting man of San Francisco, says: "Richard K. Fox has eclipsed all backers of pugilists. He is a Napoleon in his line of business to cross the water and put up \$5,000 for Kilrain to fight Smith. There is no other man in America who would do so, although there are plenty who would offer to do so. Kilrain must be a first-class man, and I thought so when John L. Sullivan refused to fight him for Richard K. Fox's \$10,000. I shall leave in December, for I am going to see the fight if it is possible to get to the ring side."

Paddy Ryan has not got a very excellent opinion of Kilrain. He says: "I never considered Jake amounted to anything but a good second rate boxer. I would have fought him for \$5,000 if I had supposed the big fellow would refuse to fight him. Richard K. Fox is a first-class man for Kilrain to have behind him, and while I hope he knocks smitheens out of Smith, I am afraid the London roughs will not let him do so."

Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting man and manager, says: "It will create wonderful excitement if Kilrain and Smith fight. People will go crazy to know who wins the day the battle is fought. I have never seen Kilrain box, but I am sure he is a first-class man, and he must be when Sullivan refused to cover the \$1,000 that Richard K. Fox posted with the New York Clipper to match Kilrain against him. If Kilrain only fights Smith the same way he fought Joe Lannon I think he will win. From what I have heard Smith has got a good left hand, but he is slow and not a stayer. A friend of mine looked at him box Charley Mitchell in England, and although Mitchell had been sick for a week before they boxed, Mitchell out fought him and had the best of the affair. It is more than likely that I shall go over and see the mill."

Jack Halen, the well-known boxer and sporting man, who is well posted on sports of all kinds, says: "If Jake Kilrain whips Jim Smith his fortune is made. He can come to this city with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and fill the pavilion. Why no one will know Sullivan is in existence if Jake should knock out Smith. What I have heard from friends in the East, Kilrain is a great fighter and there is no denying it when Sullivan was afraid to cover his backer's money to fight for \$10,000. I should like to see Kilrain win, not only for his own sake, but because he is representing the United States and goes to England as our champion."

John Meade, the well-known sport, says: "I knew Kilrain was a hummer. Pat Sheedy wrote that he would not let Sullivan fight Kilrain, because he was sure that he would do. John Sheedy would have had to put up the \$10,000, which was the amount, I believe, Richard K. Fox offered to back Kilrain for, and Sheedy, not holding a royal flush, passed, and I think he was sensible. Kilrain, according to Sheedy, is a better man than Sullivan, and he is always sober. I think he has a great chance of defeating Smith. I am going to Baden Baden in January and I will go and see the fight, for I think it will be just as great a battle as the Heenan and Sayers fight, that is, if the present English champion is as great a fighter as Sayers."

John Lewis, the well-known gambler, says: "My opinion of Jake Kilrain is that he is an out-and-out fighter. Pat Sheedy wrote from Boston that it was the turn of a card between Sullivan and Kilrain, and if it come jack of clubs he would sooner have Kilrain to fight for his money, because Kilrain was always training and sober. Smith does not appear to have fought many battles; I mean important ones. His fight with Jack Davis, which I read in the POLICE GAZETTE a few weeks ago, did not amount to anything. Of course Smith won, but it was no race,

for it was a ten spot against a deuce from the start. His battle with Alf Greenfield had a fishy appearance, while from what I read his fiasco with Knifton was mainly due to his backer's want of confidence in his ability to defeat the English giant. Kilrain has fought several hard battles; he has never been defeated, and, looking at the men and the difference in their height and weight, Kilrain should win, and all California is with him."

Cox Mooney, of San Francisco, is a first-class judge of pugilists. He is a particular friend of Jim Mace's, and thoroughly posted on sporting matters. I asked him what he thought of the match. He said it was too far off to form any idea. Neither of the men were in training, they had to go through a thorough preparation before the day of the battle, and then Kilrain had everything against him. "In the first place, when Heenan went over to England to fight Tom Sayers, he was hunted from his training quarters and chased from one part of England to another, and then when the day of fighting arrived, and when he was winning the ropes were cut and the referee left the ring. Kilrain," said the veteran sport, "if he trains in England, may be put through the same course of sprouts. Again, I understand from a friend of mine in England that the nobility, and of course, the Prince of Wales are going to see the fight. This will cause a rumpus like when Joe Goss and Harry Allen were to fight for the championship, and the mill was not allowed to come off. Supposing Kilrain is not molested in England, an English referee is to be selected, and from what I have read in the POLICE GAZETTE, Smith's umpire and Kilrain's umpire are to select the referee. Whoever is to represent Kilrain must be a smart fellow and not allow himself to be hoodwinked, and have a referee sprung on him, if he does Kilrain will be beaten before the mill commences. If the referee is a square man and Kilrain is in good condition and he has two skillful seconds to look after his interest, then he should whip the English champion right off the mill. He is a bigger man, and Jim Keenan, of Boston, I heard say Kilrain could whip any man in America, and then he should whip any man out of it."

L. McMerry, of San Francisco, says: "The battle between Kilrain and Smith will create tremendous excitement, and everyone the week of the fight will be on the top-tie of expectation to know how it will end. Of course every one in America is eager to see Kilrain win, and I guess Richard K. Fox will be the proudest man in America if Kilrain conquers Smith, not for the money he will win but for the honor of having offered a championship belt for all pugilists in the world to battle for, and having his own man, the champion of his own creation, winning it. Judging by Kilrain's battles and glove contests, and Sullivan's refusal to fight him he must be a first-class man, and well worthy of the great confidence Richard K. Fox has placed on his chances of defeating Smith."

James E. Kelly, the well-known pool seller and bookmaker is well posted on all sporting matters. At the Coney Island Jockey Club, after he had put \$500 on Florence M., which horse won, I asked him what he thought of the international fight between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith. Kelly said: "I do not take much stock in the business, but I should like to see it, for according to what Al Smith says it will be a great battle. Richard K. Fox is a great hustler, and he deserves a great deal of credit for

though it will cost a man \$1,000 to do the trip. If I did go, I should bet \$1,000 on Kilrain's chances, because I think he will whip this Englishman sure. Mr. Fox is a great man to go over alone and put up \$5,000 for Kilrain. He must think pretty well of Jake, and I hope he lands the dust. He is a clever boxer and stands a first-class chance."

John Daly, the well-known turfman and bookmaker, says: "I do not know either Kilrain or Smith, but Pat Sheedy says it is a moral for the Englishman, but Sheedy is not always right."

M. P. J. Finn, of Albany, the well-known turfman, says: "The Kilrain and Smith battle will be one of the sporting sensations of 1888. Up in Albany the match is daily talked about and Kilrain is booked as the winner. I do not take much interest in boxing matches, but as this is an international match—America's champion against England's—I should like to see our champion win, and think from what I have heard he has the best chance."

Mike Dwyer, one of the famous turfmen, says: "If I can find time to go across to Spain I will go and see the mill. I think it will be well worth the journey."

Fredie Gebhardt says: "If the American champion can defeat Smith, according to advice I have received from England, Richard K. Fox, if he backs him through and through, can win \$200,000, for the members of the numerous clubs will bet pounds, shillings and pence on Smith. I have several friends in London who are going to see the battle, and only for business engagements I would make the trip myself."

Berry Wall, the turfman, says: "I am determined to go over and see the international match if other business don't prevent me from making the trip. I think Smith will win, judging by letters I have received from England."

E. J. Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, says: "Now, if Smith was coming to California to meet the American champion, I would stop up all night to see the battle, but my business and my racing stable would not permit me to spare the time. I think it will be a great battle and that a large amount of money will be wagered on the result. Kilrain and his backer, Mr. Fox, have my best wishes, and I hope the American champion will win."

Black, the well-known Pacific Slope bookmaker, who is making a book on the Brooklyn race track, says that he will open a book on the mill when he returns to San Francisco, and will lay 6 to 5 against Smith and 3 to 5 against Kilrain.

Johnny Speelman, the well-known race horse owner, says: "If Jimmy Wakely and George H. Engeman go to Spain to see the mill I will go, too. Of course, if I go I shall have to bet \$1,000 to pay expenses, and I will either lose \$2,000 or win that amount on the journey."

"I have heard many arguments and a lot of talk about the Kilrain and Smith fight," said Barney Aaron, the retired lightweight champion, "and I have seen it stated that Kilrain will not be allowed fair play. You can bet if he can win he will be allowed to do so, and no one will interfere with him. Smith's people think they have a cinch, and how they will bet their money that he will hammer Kilrain! I should like to see Kilrain win, because he is a well-behaved, quiet fellow, and there is no rubbing it out he is a tremendous hitter and a good, game

great man to keep the ball rolling, and I should like to see Kilrain win, for Mr. Fox has great pluck in putting up his money, and such a large amount, to back Kilrain, according to what I have read in the sporting papers and the POLICE GAZETTE, Kilrain should win. Smith has never done anything to make him a champion, while Kilrain has showed up well according to my judgment." McGowan was a great pal of the late John Morrissey. He has witnessed more of the genuine old time battles than any man in America, except Johnny Ling and Jack Lawrence, and he is a good judge.

Joe Cotton, the well-known bookmaker, said: "Race horses are my forte; I do not know much about fighters, but I hope Kilrain will win, because he is an American."

Jack McDonald, the well-known bookmaker, on being asked what he thought of the Smith and Kilrain fight said: "It will be a horse race and I guess the best horse will win. Kilrain would be the man I should back because Richard K. Fox is behind him. Anyway, Kilrain outclasses Smith and he should win in a walk." Eph Snedeker, the well-known race horse trainer, said: "I have read more about race horses and know more about them than I do about boxers. I know John Morrissey could whip any man in this country in his day, but I know very little of Kilrain, except what I have read in the POLICE GAZETTE. If he is a thoroughbred he should whip the English champion."

Pineus, the well-known turfman, was found at Coney Island looking over Laggard just before he started in his great race (which he won) on Sept. 15. "I suppose you have heard about the great international prize fight?" said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent to silent Eph. "I heard Al Smith say he was going to England to see some great battle between Kilrain and Smith." At this juncture the flag was dropped and Silent Eph flew to the grand stand and was lost to view.

Matty Corbett, the well-known bookmaker, was asked what he thought of the mill. "I am making a book and trying to round it. Some other time I will let you know what I think of the mill. I want to see Kilrain win and will back him."

Davy Johnson, the well-known bookmaker, said: "If I have time I will go over and see that fight, and bet a little on the result. I think Kilrain will win in a gallop."

D. W. Withers, the well-known turfman, refused to be interviewed on the subject.

Jimmy Shields, the well-known trainer and race horse owner, said: "I shall bet my money on Kilrain. I would go over to see the mill if I thought I could procure a ticket after I got there to witness the fight."

Bob Irving, the well-known bookmaker, said: "I have taken great interest in the Smith and Kilrain match, simply because I admire Richard K. Fox's pluck in going to England and arranging the match. I should like to witness the contest, because I think it will be well worth the journey. I learn George Engeman, Al Smith and Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, are going over, and I may also make the trip with them."

James Galway, the well-known turfman, said: "I do not take much interest in prize fights, but I should like to see Kilrain win, because he goes to represent this country."

Ed Corrigan, of Leadville, the well-known turfman, was asked what he thought of the prospects of Jake Kilrain defeating Jim Smith, at Coney Island on Sept. 15.

"I have not paid any attention to the matter, and do not know anything about either man, except what I have read in the POLICE GAZETTE, but my wagers are with the American champion."

Prof. Wm. Clarke, of St. Louis, better known as the "Belfast Chick-en," proprietor of the Natatorium, St. Louis, writes: "I must congratulate Richard K. Fox for his great pluck in going over to England and arranging the match between Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jim Smith. There never was a sporting man, especially a newspaper publisher, that would have done what Mr. Fox has. Who ever put up \$200,000 for a pugilist before? John C. Heenan, when he fought Tom Sayers, had all he could do to get matched for \$1,000 let alone \$2,000. Kilrain is the best man in America to-day, and I think if he receives fair play that he will still hold the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt."

Albert H. Spink, of St. Louis, editor and proprietor of the popular and spicy Sporting News of that city, says: "The international match between Kilrain, the American champion, and Smith, for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and \$10,000, will be one of the greatest sporting events of 1888. It will create a vast deal of interest, and Kilrain, being the American champion and going to meet the English champion, will have the sympathy of every American. I intend to send a representative of the Sporting News to see the great battle, or I may make the journey myself."

Dick Roche, of St. Louis, who is making a book on the Brooklyn race track, says: "I think Jake Kilrain will whip Smith, if all accounts about him are true. I may bet \$1,000 on the result. The battle is a long way off at present."

Billy Mahoney, of Boston, says that Kilrain is a better man than John L. Sullivan ever was, and that he will "do" Smith.

E. Kennedy, of Boston, thinks Smith will be a good match for Kilrain.

Tim McCarty, of Boston, says that Kilrain will whip Smith in four or six rounds.

Tom Early, the well-known sporting man of Boston, Mass., was asked what he thought about the coming prize fight. "Well," said he, "Kilrain will win, without a doubt."

M. Gleason, of Boston, said: "Kilrain ought to win, but it is doubtful if they will give him the battle."

J. Lee, of Brighton, Mass., says that he thinks John L. Sullivan can whip the both of them.

W. S. Woods says: "Kilrain should whip Jim Smith easily."

Eugene Ryan says: "I think Kilrain is the best man Richard K. Fox could have selected to go to fight as the American champion. Smith will prove himself a wonder if he defeats Kilrain."

E. C. Walker, of Veritas, says he hopes Kilrain will win, for Richard K. Fox has risked a great deal of money and showed considerable courage in making the match.

W. B. Curtis, athletic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, said: "I do not pay much attention to prize fighting, but as this is an international fight I will say that Kilrain has my good wishes."

Geo. C. Brotherton was interviewed on the Coney Island race course on Sept. 15, and asked what he thought of the coming fight. "Well," said he, "it will be the greatest battle ever fought since Heenan and Sayers fought in 1860."

"I am for Kilrain," said Jas. Barclay of New York, "and I hope he will win."

"Kilrain is the coming champion of the world," said Alderman Fox of Troy, "and I admire Richard K. Fox's pluck in arranging the match."

"Well," said Prof. Pat Jordan of New York, "I think Smith will win the battle."

Patsey Sheppard of Boston, who recently came from England, said: "It will be a 'moral' for Smith to win."

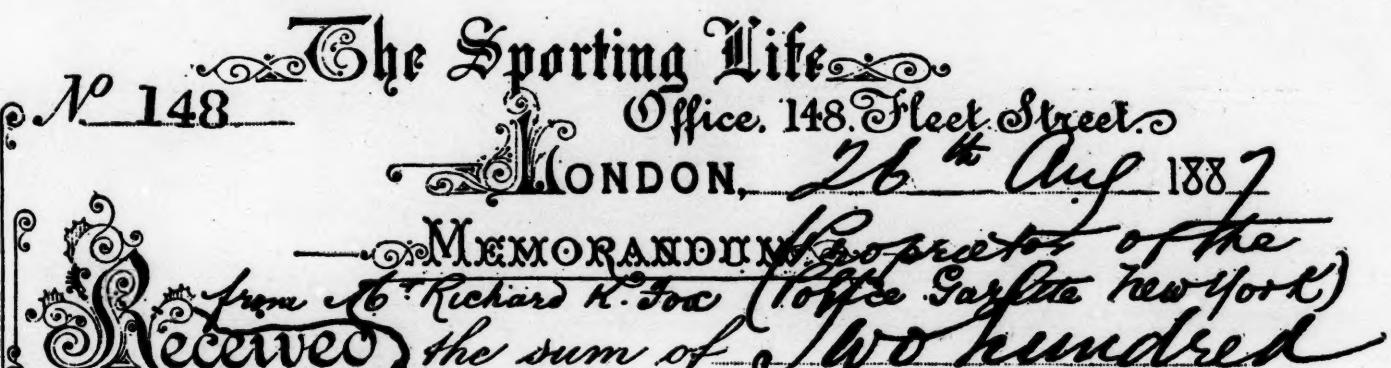
Walter De Baum, the well-known amateur light-weight champion, said: "Kilrain is a first-class boxer, and I am sure he will do Smith."

"It is my opinion," said Billy Oliver, "that the battle will end in a draw, for I don't think they will let Kilrain win."

Detective Looney, of Brooklyn, says: "Kilrain should whip Smith, or not come back to America."

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

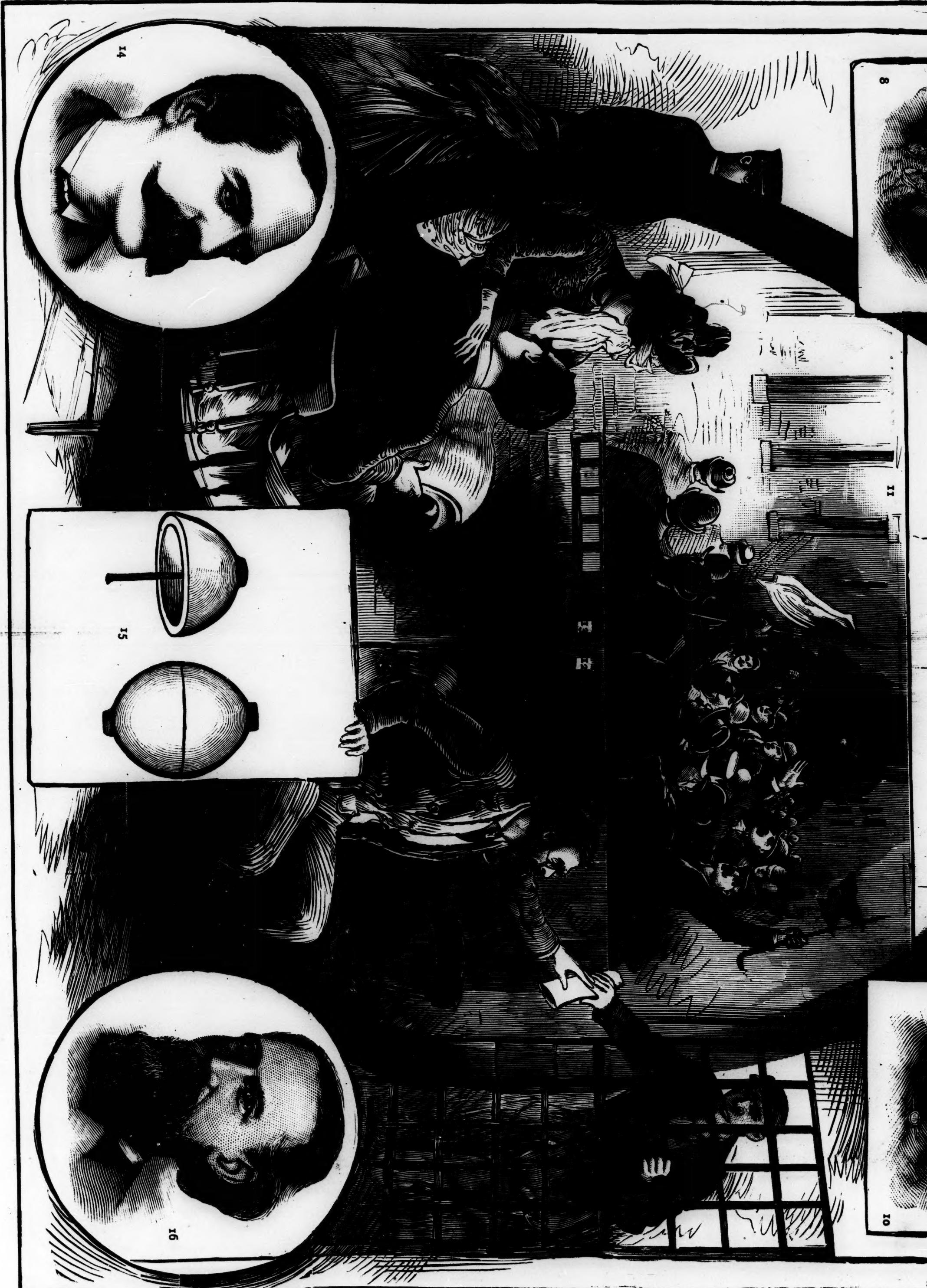


A FAC SIMILE OF THE RECEIPT OF RICHARD K. FOX'S SECOND DEPOSIT.

SHADOW OF THE HEMPEN HALTER.

THE DOOMED ANARCHISTS RECEIVE THE TIDINGS OF THEIR SENTENCES' CONFIRMATION WITHOUT SHOWING ALARM.

1. Engel. 2. Fielden. 3. Spies. 4. Parsons. 5. Schwab. 6. Lingg. 7. Fisher. 8. Nina Van Zandt. 9. The Death Watch. 10. Mrs. Parsons. 11. At the Jail. 12. The Telegram. 13. Spies And his Bride. 14. State's Atty. Grinnell. 15. The Bomb. 16. Capt. Black.



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

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PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Re-sume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Johnny McAuliffe is training at Mystic Park, Boston, for his battle with Carney.

James Welsh, the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Honolulu, Hawaii Islands, writes that the main topic of conversation in that part of the country is the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith.

George Siler, the well known New York boxer, is now in Chicago and opened the West Side Boxing Academy at 205 West Madison street, corner of Green. He has Dick Young as an assistant and will no doubt do well, for he is a clever boxer and very popular.

The Omaha "Chronicle," Sept. 10, 1887, publishes the following: "The trophy representing the middle-weight boxing championship is attracting much attention from the visitors to Foley & Darst's 'Phenix,' where it is on exhibition. During the week it has been admired by thousands of strangers attending the fair, and many have been the compliments bestowed on the generous enterprise of its donor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the New York *Pioneer Press*."

Peter J. Nolan, of Cincinnati, signed a contract with John P. Clow, of Minneapolis, to fight with two-ounce gloves at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on Oct. 6. Nolan is to knock Clow out in 6 rounds. The only stake is the gate money, which Clow will win if he stands up during 6 rounds. Nolan has received a challenge from John L. Sullivan for a fight for \$1,000 a side, Nolan to be winner if he stands up during 4 rounds against Sullivan with two-ounce gloves. Nolan returned by wire an acceptance if Sullivan would make it \$1,500 a side. Chester Park is the place proposed.

The "Umpire," London, says: Jake Kilrain is the champion of America, and win or lose the battle with Smith for £2,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world. Richard K. Fox says he will match him to meet Sullivan. Kilrain's chances of defeating Smith are most rosy, for he has a better record than the English champion, and he will enter the ring having the advantage in height, weight and length of reach. Smith is said to be a scientific boxer and a tremendously hard hitter, but Kilrain is equally clever, and his numerous bouts with Charley Mitchell have been the means of teaching Kilrain scientific movements and made him a fine boxer. All Kilrain will be required to learn is the cross-buttock and a few lessons in wrestling, for the latter branch of athletics is always practised, and is part of the system that is frequently a great advantage in encounters fought by London prize ring rules.

The "World," on September 16, said: "The fact that Billy Madden had ceased to manage Jake Kilrain caused considerable talk in sporting circles yesterday, and the opinion was general that Madden had exhibited good sense. He had, it was claimed, been handicapped by Mitchell, and did not hitch well with Kilrain. Madden was not in an amiable frame of mind last evening when a *World* reporter met him on Fourth avenue. He had read a paragraph in an afternoon paper, which he said was written by Harding, and in which it was claimed that Kilrain had proposed that Madden cease to act as his manager. 'That's a lie,' said Madden angrily. 'Kilrain did not know I was going to quit him. I did not like things and I told Mitchell that I would not act any longer and that he could manage Jake. I suppose Harding wrote that to prevent anything being said about the Kilrain-Smith match. If he thought I would say anything he was mistaken. That's all I have to say.'"

Chas. E. Davies has again full management of Pat Killen, and he is trying to match the Duluth heavy-weight against Pete Nolan and Frank Glover. In regard to Pete Nolan Davies says: "I should judge from his actions that he was a genuine specimen of the 'newspaper fighter,' that is, a pugilist who spends his time in talking fight through the newspapers, but who never fights. Now he is going to meet Johnny Flies at New Orleans, for \$1,000 a side, in December, with twenty men on a side. Glover offered to meet him in six weeks from the date of signing, with gloves or without and under any conditions, but Mr. Nolan says he cannot accept now that he has accepted Flies' offer for a meeting. Why? What difference would it make to him so far as meeting with Flies is concerned, whether he won or lost against Glover. He is not fighting Flies for gate money but for a stake, and he would have all the time he wanted to get ready for it. I don't think he wants to meet Glover."

The following is the new protocol Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan have signed for their battle for \$2,000, the middle-weight championship and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 13th day of September, 1887, between Johnny Reagan, of New York, N. Y., and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The said Johnny Reagan and the said Jack Dempsey hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the prize ring, by which the said Johnny Reagan and the said Jack Dempsey hereby do agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of one thousand dollars a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the middle-weight championship of America, and shall take place between the 9th and 14th day of December, 1887, within 250 miles of New York City. The said Johnny Reagan and Jack Dempsey to be confined to 154 pounds, and to weigh at ring side on the day of the fight. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 6 A. M. and 12 M., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars a side is now deposited in the hands of a temporary stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second, of four hundred dollars a side, on the 8th day of October, 1887, at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, New York; the third, of five hundred dollars a side, on the 11th day of November, 1887, at same place, when the final stakeholder is to be appointed. It is agreed that not more than three persons a side and the purse donors shall be present. The referee will be appointed at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office on December 9th, 1887. It is also agreed that the winner receives all of prize and stake money, and pays all expenses.

The said deposits must be put up not later than 4 o'clock on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder it not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witness:
JAKE STURNS,
W. REID,

Signed:
JACK DEMPSEY,
JOHN REAGAN.

J. D. Hayes, the backer of Mike Conly, the Ithaca giant, recently called on our correspondent at the *Pioneer Press* office in Minneapolis accompanied by a well-known business man of Ashland. Mr. Hayes comes to Minneapolis with the hope of making some of the fighters "put up or shut up." He spoke in this very plain manner last evening: "I came down here to challenge those people who are getting so much reputation, not by fighting, but through the papers. I reiterate the challenge issued several weeks ago, that John P. Clow meet Conly at Ashland within three weeks after signing articles, in an eight-round fight, with small soft gloves and to be under Marquis of Queensberry rules, the gate to be divided, 75 and 25 per cent., to the winner to take the whole. As an evidence of my intention I herewith deposit with the *Pioneer Press* the personal receipt of the cashier of the Ashland National bank for \$800, which well-known citizens of Ashland have deposited as a guarantee of gate receipts. This is certainly a nice ploy for any of

these men. Clow, when challenged by Jim Fell, has said that he could not meet the Michigan man until he got through with Conly. This is very misleading. Clow has no fight arranged with Conly, but has persistently refused to give us any satisfaction. He has got to do something now. People are getting tired of newspaper fighting. If Clow is afraid to meet Fell, Conly will take him (Fell) off his hands. This challenge is not only directed to Clow, but to Mitchell, Killen, Cardiff, Nolan, Fell, Ashton, Burke, Ryan, Herald, or any other pugilist in the world, barring John L. Sullivan, whom Conly regards as the king of pugilists, and also excepting Kilrain, who is matched to fight Jim Smith. Now, as to Cardiff. He talks of challenging Sullivan for a fight for \$1,000 a side, to a finish, and under London prize ring rules. He knows Sullivan won't bother him, but now Cardiff has a chance at a lesser light than Sullivan—Conly is anxious to meet him on just the conditions he (Cardiff) proposes with so much gusto. I will be prepared to meet any of these men or their backers within twenty-four hours' notice after they have covered our forte!" Mr. Hayes, as further evidence of his meaning business, deposited \$100 with the *Pioneer Press* as a forfeit for a fight with any of the men named above.

The "Morning News," Paris, Sept. 3, says: Mr. Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain in the coming great international prize fight, is now in Paris. He comes from London with fresh and grateful memories of his reception at the Pelican Club and elsewhere. The proprietor of the *Police Gazette* and *Illustrated Sporting World* is staying at the Grand Hotel. His visit to Paris has no direct reference to the coming fight—which we may at onesay is a certainty—the details of which are left to the clever hands of Mr. W. E. Harding, who is the responsible agent of Mr. Richard K. Fox, in an event which is of great importance to the art of self defense as the production of a new opera would be in the musical world. Richard K. Fox is a plunger, and a knowing one. Originally a Belfast man, he has been able to raise a popular American paper to the point of such a fabulous circulation that people are bound to confess that when he crossed the Atlantic he fell amongst smart men, he has found few smarter than himself. Mr. Fox, in his interview with the representative of THE MORNING NEWS showed that he was fully alive to the importance of an international pugilistic event which has only one precedent—that being the fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers, the only occasion on which England and America have come to blows since the eventful day upon which the latter country wrung her independence from the mastery of the "tight little island."

"Yes," said Mr. Fox, warmly, "I am proud of this fight. Do not believe a word of those who say that it is a mere advertising job. The diamond belt is worth £500 in good English money, and I shall give Jake Kilrain \$1,000 to back himself. I may as well tell you at once that I am prepared to double the stakes if [redacted] Smith's backers are willing. For my part, if Kilrain wins this fight I will make him a present of all the money. I think you must say that our combination beats the Heenan and Sayers combat to bits, seeing that the fight was only for £200 a side."

Asked whether the fight would take place in France, Mr. Fox drew up and declared that there must be no shuffling or interference this time. Spain was mentioned as the likely arena of the Kilrain and Smith fight. But the clauses of the challenge are, of course, not binding. One of these stipulates that the combat shall take place within 100 miles of Madrid. All this is kept secret. "I should like personally," said Mr. Fox, "that the fight should take place in America. I offered Jim Smith \$1,000 to cross the Atlantic. For some reason he did not accept it. Kilrain has been mentioned as the tryalling place, and one kind friend has recommended the semi-neutral island of pheasants near St. Jean de Luz. Where monarchs have met to patch up royal marriages and to arrange the affairs of Europe, honest prize fighters may struggle for the world's belt, the symbol of superiority between Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain."

Suffice it to say, however, Mr. Fox has too much upon his mind to dwell upon prize ring preliminaries. He will leave Europe on the first of October by the Etruria. The business of the *Police Gazette* is no sinecure. It has been existence a matter of fifty years, and its circulation is 200,000 a week. Mr. Fox is the John Corlett of New York. He may be "bird of freedom" for a month or two; but this personal supervision is the life and soul of his paper, and he is naturally hankering to get back to the grinding stone which has brought him over a million dollars.

"The fact is," he added with warmth, "I am 'on' for this championship. To show you that I mean business, just look at this draft of Brown, Shipley & Co., for \$2,000. I am prepared to lay that bit of flimsey on the head of my man."

"Have you seen Jim Smith?"

"Yes, and I fully recognize his points. You have got the advantage of me over his legs, for to tell you the truth I have not seen them. But I can imagine them, and I have no disposition to vilipend the other side."

"What about Sullivan?"

"Well, they say that he is 'out of the hunt' since he broke his arm, apart from other and by no means unimportant reasons. On this subject I must be reticent. But if you will go to the Grand Hotel you will find, with my authorization, the copy of a cablegram sent last night to my New York office, in which I say substantially that should Jake Kilrain beat Jim Smith I am prepared to back him against Sullivan for \$10,000 to \$20,000. I should like you to put that down, because it is a matter on which I am very explicit. The American papers have been very talkative of late about a series of sparring expeditions, which, I suppose, are intended to cloud Kilrain. Well, of course, anybody is entitled to his own show, and every man can be his own champion if he likes. I do not lay much stress, however, upon these wondrous projects. A prize fighter does not make his money by big fights only. The curiosity of the public is always excited by exhibitions of muscular activity in which the actors are the celebrities of the ring. This has nothing to do with the great issues at stake, which amount to the championship of the two hemispheres."

"Do you think that the public interest in prize fighting is as great as ever?"

"Well, I don't know what may be the amount of excitement over the noble art on this side of the Atlantic, although I can guess it from what I saw in London. The English aristocracy will always provide a certain number of patrons of the ring. The Marquis of Queensberry and Sir John Astley do not stand alone in their advocacy of something far higher in tone than the 'pinking' and pistol shooting of French duelists. As far as America is concerned all I can say is this: I speak as a hardened newspaper proprietor. When this great fight comes off I shall sell just half a million copies of my paper, and perhaps more. Who shall say that the English-speaking race forgets its 'mawleys' when it lands on the shores of America, and breathes the air of the United States? May the Fates decide that the great battlefield of the future shall be the prize ring! France, Germany, and Russia might then fling up their respective sponges and leave the world to the valor of fistfights. Tapping claret is better than torpedo-warfare, and the 'bread-basket' is a citadel which may be attacked without increasing the national debt. It is certainly false moralism to accept wholesale bloodshed as allowable and to turn up the whites of the eyes over a good old 'mill,' which is the ideal of a fight between man and man, in which there are neither knives or six-shooters. Possibly my diamond belt is the finest war indemnity of the century."

In conclusion, Mr. Fox stated that in the coming fight every arrangement will be made to keep out anything savoring of the "riff raff" element. There will be no fear of rope-cutting or ugly rushes. The audience will be limited to just 100 spectators, 50 on each side, each of these paying \$50 for his share in the day's proceedings. The press, will, of course, receive a limited number of invitations. "Mum," however, will be the great word of the situation. The man who is fortunate enough to be classified with the initiated will have to be prepared to receive a telegram in the dead of the night requesting him to take the first train to some Spanish bull ring. Pistols and fobs are winked at in France, but the sight of a stand-up fight would shock the vigilant gendarme and upset the application of French judicial procedure. As a supplement to the above interview it may be useful to add that here in Paris Jim Smith is the decided favorite in the great coming fight. The fact is that friend Jim has been seen at work, and his performances at Maison Lafitte and the Nouveau Cirque have made him popular. It only remains to be seen who will be the conqueror in the first tournament. The *Morning News* will keep its watchful eye upon the combatants and keep its readers well posted up in the signs and symbols of victory. May the shades of Heenan and Sayers defend the right!

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

The distancing of horses at the Hartford races was done by an electric bell. When the first horse reached the wire the touch struck a button striking a bell at the distance post, when a man dropped the flag.

Frank White desires to return sincere thanks to Danny Early, Tom Hughes, Ed Barry, Tom Connors, and members of Eagle Engine Company and his friends in Pittsburg for courtesies shown him while in that city.

Recently at Anderson, Ind., Maud M., ridden by a bootblack of Union City, Ind., jumped a high picket fence surrounding the track and struck a large oak tree, crushing her skull and injuring her rider so badly that he will likely die.

R. D. Sears has won this year's championship match at tennis in the Newport tournament, thus giving him the prize for the national championship, won by taking it three years in succession. This year's match was won over Sloane by a score of 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.

Frank White, light-weight pugilist, will give an athletic exhibition at Temperance Hall, Kent near Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, September 27. An excellent programme has been arranged that includes set-to's by all of the prominent boxers, among those who are pledged and will appear are Jack Dempsey, Ed Berry of Pittsburgh, Jack Reagan, the welter-weight champion; Paddy Smith, Martin Dempsey, Jim Glynn and Jack Gallon. White and Jack Flies will wind up.

On Sept. 19 a delegation of the Boston police force called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and made a thorough inspection of the building. The delegation were: Sergeant Henry F. Ryan, Frank Donohue, James Bolan, R. F. Connors and Dennis Connors. They were escorted by Patrick Reilly, well known about town, and Baldwin, of the "Police Gazette" House, of Peck Slip. The party were highly appreciative of their visit, and pronounced the trophies and appointments of the building wonderful.

The testimonial benefit tendered to Jake Kilrain, the champion, at the League baseball grounds, Boston, on Sept. 19, was attended by 1,000 spectators. Among the talent who appeared were Lannon and Godfrey, Hurst and Silvey and the beneficiary and Charley Mitchell. The latter wound up the entertainment, and Kilrain, when he appeared, was given an enthusiastic reception. His exhibition with Charley Mitchell showed that he has excellent control of his hands and is also able to cope with the best man in the world.

The long-talked-of prize fight between two Montreal feather-weights, Fitzgerald and Boyle, was fought near Burlington, Vt., on Sept. 14. Only twenty Montreal sports and the correspondent were present. Harry Bethune, the sprinter, was referee. Boyle weighed 112 pounds and Fitzgerald 118, and both were in tiptop trim. The fight was under Queensberry rules, and kid gloves with the fingers cut out were used. In the first 10 rounds it seemed as if Boyle would be knocked out in short order, but he stood up for fifteen rounds and then only quit at the solicitation of friends. Boyle was terribly punished, his head being pounded into a pulp and his face unrecognizable, while Fitzgerald's only injuries were badly broken-up hands. At the end of the fifteenth round Boyle's eyes were closed, but still he wanted to fight. His backers did not want to see him used for chopping-block and ended the fight.

The New York "World," September 8, publishes the following cable: The report that John L. Sullivan is about to sail for England with the purpose of smashing Jim Smith off the face of creation is received here with a great deal of incredulity. Some weeks ago, when Sullivan's intention was first announced, I was authorized to cable that, whileliking nothing better than aistic meeting with the Boston boy, Smith would only be able to oblige him subsequent to his encounter with Jake Kilrain on Jan. 3. Besides this obstacle, which is only temporary, Smith does not believe that Sullivan really wishes to meet him. "I gave Sullivan some months ago, every opportunity to meet me," said Smith yesterday to Editor G. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*. "Sullivan did not seem very eager. However, he need not be downhearted, as I will be pleased to fight him to a finish with bare knuckles when the Kilrain fight is over."

The "Daily Republican," Wilmington, Del., Sept. 12, published the following: "All the arrangements for the great international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jim Smith, champion of England, for \$10,000, 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and championship of the world, have been completed, and the fight will take place Jan. 3, 1888. Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, has been in London for several weeks in reference to this great contest, and was present when the articles were signed between the parties. This will no doubt be the greatest battle ever fought in the prize ring, and is attracting the attention of sporting men in all parts of the world. Since Mr. Fox has been in England he has been received by the Prince of Wales and others of the nobility, who have complimented him upon being the great promoter of manly sports. As everything pertaining to this coming fight will be looked for with the greatest interest, Mr. Fox has made arrangements with correspondents in London to furnish him with special dispatches and articles in regard to the men, their training, etc., which will appear each week in the *Police Gazette*."

Owing to some misunderstanding between Jake Kilrain and Billy Madden the latter will not manage Kilrain. Charley Mitchell, in conjunction with Richard K. Fox's representative, will look after the American champion's interest in England, and there is not the least doubt but that the American champion will be well looked after and his interest and his backers' protected just the same as if Billy Madden was with him. In regard to the affair the New York *Daily News* on Sept. 15, published the following: "The announcement that Billy Madden had decided to withdraw from the management of Jake Kilrain, caused quite a flutter in sporting circles last night. It was a mutual separation proposed by Kilrain and accepted by Madden, and will in no way interfere with the great international contest. Charley Mitchell will train Kilrain in England, and in conjunction with Richard K. Fox's representative make all arrangements for the battle. Kilrain's seconds will be Mitchell and a well-known Brooklyn sporting man who, years ago, figured very prominently in the prize ring and who accompanied Joe Coburn to Ireland, when the retired, undefeated champion crossed the fish pond to fight Jim Mace." It was Kilrain's desire that Madden should no longer be his manager, he preferring Charley Mitchell, and the separation ensued.

Prof. Bart Doran, the well-known boxer, has opened a boxing school at No. 20 Walker Block, Detroit. Prompted by curiosity, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent recently called on the professor. That popular exponent of the many art of self-defense was found equal to any emergency to either engage at once in a boxing match or ending in the more perilous experience of an interview. To one somewhat familiar with the mode heretofore in vogue, a very brief time is sufficient to show the excellency of the method and its vast superiority over anything in that line yet presented to our citizens of athletic or pugilistic tastes. Up to this time instruction in that direction has been pretty generally shunned by all who did not represent very tough and vigorous type of muscular humanity. Visions of contused nasal appendages and closed optics served to terrify any but the most undaunted and prevent their crossing the threshold of such a temple. The old style lacked method. In it pluck, and above all endurance, won the battle; might was right. A pupil would come from a coarse bruised and demoralized, his muscular force increased, but his real, scientific knowledge of the art not well advanced. Now it is more a question of science than real strength. Under Prof. Doran's instruction the weak and timid after a thorough course of instruction become self-reliant, and able to cope with twice their weight when art is opposed to simple brute force. His object is to teach, not to terrify the pupil, and the high esteem in which the professor is held by competent judges, and all who have practically tested his method, is the best evidence of his excellence.

The idea of John L. Sullivan consenting to fight Peter Nolan, of Cincinnati. How are the mighty fallen. Nolan is only a fourth class boxer. He would never have been heard of in the prize ring had not Jack Burke engaged him to box with him at Cincinnati. No matter how the managers of the show—for no one need consider it is a match, although it is advertised for \$1,500 a side—boom up Nolan's fighting abilities, few will take any stock in the affair. If Sullivan had any judgment he should have met Patry Cardiff, who the sporting men of the West look upon as the superior of any pugilist in the world, and whether Cardiff is or is not what his backers and admirers claim, one thing is certain, he taught Sullivan to a standstill and caused the latter by his ducking, which is a part of the prize ring tactics, to break his arm. One would suppose Sullivan would have agreed to meet the Peerless Giant, who gave him his first check, and whose backers now stand ready to match him to fight, not only Sullivan, but the winner of the great international match between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith. Sporting men of Cincinnati have been treated to a series of alleged boxing matches, and they will look upon

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

Journeying from the Coney Island races recently, I listened attentively to a long argument about horse records in England and about the first racing guide ever published. One party said there was no racing guide published a century ago, another party offered to wager \$25. There was the money put up and it was left to Richard K. Fox to decide. The result was that the party who bet there was no racing guide published one hundred years ago, lost his money.

Since, I hunted the matter up and found that in 1726 the first racing calendar was published by John Cheney, and after his death Reginald Heber undertook to carry on the work and published his first racing calendar in 1751, and continued it annually to 1768. In 1769 it was published by William Tuting, keeper of the Match Book, and Thomas Fawcett, secretary of the Jockey club, until the close of 1772, when James Weatherby commenced its publication and it has continued in the Weatherby family ever since.

In 1829 Charles Weatherby printed an abridged racing calendar covering racing from the earliest accounts from 1709 to 1750 inclusive. We have a complete set of the English racing for dates mentioned above, and believe it is the only complete set in America.

Racing was followed in England for a long time before any record was kept of the performances of the horses engaged. During the reign of Henry II, early in the twelfth century, the first account is given of anything like a horse race in England. Racing made slow progress for many years. In the reign of Henry VIII, there were no races except private matches. Queen Elizabeth did not encourage the sport, but it continued. In the succeeding reign of James public races were established, and horses' pedigrees, as well as those of posterity, were preserved and recorded with the greatest exactness.

Oliver Cromwell encouraged breeding, but it was during the reign of Charles II, which must be considered the important era in the history of racing, not only from the encouragement he gave, but the improvement which the breed of horses underwent by the introduction of foreign blood.

Charles the Second sent abroad the Master of Horses to procure a number of foreign horses and mares for breeding, and the mares brought over by him (as also many of their produce) have since been called Royal mares.

The yearling colt (brother to Eole), by Eole, out of War Song, by War Dance, whose racing qualities have been leased by the Dwyer Bros., was entered in numerous stakes which closed on the 15th ultimo, under the name of Overton, in compliment to the place where Colonel Hancock, his owner, lives.

This gentleman had previously registered him in Bruce's American Stud Book as Eon, continuing the alliteration practised with War Song's foals, commencing with Eole in 1783 and continuing with Eolite (whose name was subsequently altered to St. Savior), Eolite, Eole, Eoline, Eolo and Eon. Learning through Colonel Hancock of the name first chosen the Dwyer Bros. have determined to adhere to it, and he will be raced as Eon, as they do not believe in changing names.

A letter recently came to the "Police Gazette" office addressed to Charley Michell. It was supposed that it was for the well-known English boxer and it was forwarded to Buffalo to Michell. The letter reached its destination, and Charley being away Mrs. Michell opened it, and what was her surprise to find it came from Texas Belle and was full of loving sentiments, and ended with a request that when he came back to San Antonio that he would bring her a pair of diamond bracelets.

Mrs. Michell kept the letter, and when Charley returned there was hot water ready for him. Michell denied being in love with any Texan belle, and said he did not know her. The letter was produced by Mrs. Michell and handed to Charley. He read it and said, "Why, my name is not Michell. This is a German, and it is the POLICE GAZETTE folks' fault this trouble in sending me the letter because the name resembles mine." The explanation was satisfactory and the hot water was not used.

Whew! The Dwyers refuse to match Joe Cotton to run one mile against Stuyvesant, weight for age, for \$5,000 a side. If the match was made it would not only be a test of speed and stamina between the horses, but an exhibition of horsemanship between the jockeys—McLaughlin and Garrison.

I understand Johnston to harness and Charley Hogan to wagon with running mate will perform at Belmont course on Sept. 24. Westmont and Ed. Annin go on the same day.

Lloyd Hughes, the jockey-trainer, has severed his connection with Mrs. George L. Lorillard's stable, and it is said he will return to riding next season.

The six-day heel-and-toe walking match at Kansas City will be managed by Daniel O'Leary. I think, judging by the entries, the race will be a success.

John S. Clark offered Mr. Shaw \$8,000 for David L. 2½%, and the offer was declined.

The Patron-Jay-Eye-See match, for \$5,000 a side, will be trotted at Chicago on Oct. 5.

Betting men and those who speculate will not Patronize Jay-Eye-See with their money after Patron's performances at Hartford.

The "Globe," England, Aug. 29, says: Arrangements for the Kilrain prize fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, are progressing satisfactorily. The second deposit of £200 a side was made at the Sporting Life office on Friday. Both parties to the contract are very confident in their representatives, and there seems to be plenty of money to back them. When it was telegraphed from Madrid that the authorities would not permit the fight to be brought off in public, it was explained in a previous article that the agreement was for the battle to take place on a private estate. This statement was confirmed at the meeting quoted. The persons in charge of the affair profess not to feel the slightest anxiety on the score of possible interference.

Pat Sheedy, before he sailed for England, gave Sullivan, the late champion, a bomb shell. The irrepressible Pat said: "Rum and rowdies were the causes of my action in severing the business relations which have existed for a year and a half between John L. Sullivan and myself. I want it understood that I was managing Sullivan for the money there was in him. It was purely a matter of business. John furnished the muscle and I furnished the brains, and we divided the money receipts. I do not claim that I have done anything for him. What I have done has been for my own interest. Before I undertook his business management I required him to take a pledge that he would not drink liquor for a year. The pledge he kept faithfully. His year expired the 1st day of last July. The next day he was as drunk as a lord."

"He had fallen into the clutches of a gang of toughs, for whose company he seems to have a lingering fondness. All this resulted in my decision to leave him severely alone, and if that was all the treatment I am guilty of his charge."

"When I say I have done nothing for him alone, My interests have been at stake as well as his. I made one mistake, however, in my endeavors to manage him. That was taking him back to Boston. It is not generally known that Sullivan was wanted at the Hub for a long time on a charge of assault and

battery. He had unmercifully beaten a prominent politician there and was arrested, but on promising to appear in court the next day was allowed to go. The next day he skipped the city and did not go back until I paved the way for him. This I did by using my personal influence with the assaulted man to let the matter pass, to which he reluctantly consented. Under these circumstances John L. Sullivan returned to Boston."

"Aside from Sullivan's unreliability in keeping appointments I had no trouble with him until he resumed his drinking habits. This lack of punctuality, however, caused me much annoyance. I will tell you how I administered a little discipline to John at my own expense."

"We were booked to show at Troy. There was some doubt as to whether they would allow us to appear. I went ahead and arranged everything satisfactorily, and also invited four gentlemen to meet Sullivan at dinner. I telephoned John at Albany to come by train. Instead he drove over and stopped at Green Island, where he paid a visit to Jim McGrath. My party ate supper without Sullivan."

"The incident placed me in a very embarrassing position, and I resolved to teach him a lesson, even though it cost me \$600. I asked the gentlemen whom I had invited to dinner not to allow the show to appear, and I went ahead to New Haven, and about 5 o'clock the next day I received a telegram from Sullivan saying: 'They will not let us show here. Will explain when I see you why. What shall we do?'

"I replied by wire: 'See Jim McGrath at Green Island. Perhaps he can help you.'

"Well, I got that diamond belt for Sullivan. It cost me plenty of hard work as well as considerable of my own cash. I arranged the testimonial at the Boston theatre. It was a very successful affair. But Sullivan was breaking loose."

"He was as uncertain as a Napoleon of finance. His associates in Boston were of the lowest and most ruffianly kind, and every one of them despised me because I held aloof from them. I strained a point in going through the programme at the testimonial, and after the entertainment I told Sullivan that he and I might as well go different ways. He begged me not to leave him, as Councilman William Mahoney, who was present, can tell you. He also promised to meet me the next day and sign a pledge not to drink liquor. He did keep the appointment, but refused to sign the pledge, saying he could leave alone without going through such a formula."

"Within 24 hours he was intoxicated. This sort of thing could not go on forever. Sullivan has been a much spoiled man by those who have had him in charge, and did not like it because I would not humor all his whims. I never coaxed him at all. About two weeks ago I wanted a party of friends to meet Sullivan at dinner at Hotel Nantasket. In the evening Sullivan was to spar for the benefit of a religious institution."

"Imagine my disgust when Sullivan came down from Boston accompanied by four or five shining specimens of the genus 'toughs.' I left him and his intimates to enjoy the banquet, while with my friends I ate a dinner downstairs. In the evening, at the entertainment, I refused to introduce Sullivan and that office was performed by a well known Boston amateur athlete in this manner: 'Ladies and gentlemen—Steve Taylor—John L. Sullivan.'

"I have not seen Mr. Sullivan since. Two letters from England, one from Jim Mac and the other from Atkinson, concerning the trip across, have mailed to him. He says he will go to England on his own hook. Well, he may, but I don't believe he will. As long as he drinks liquor he is not a man I care to do business with. He has spoiled \$10,000 for me since July 1 in forcing me to cancel three good dates; one at Nantasket, one at South Boston and one at Holyoke on Labor Day, all because I could not tell whether he would appear drunk or sober."

The energetic editor of the Waltham, Mass. Times, in reference to Sheedy and Sullivan break-away, publishes the following: "We imagine the majority of our readers do not care very much about professional pugilists or their squabbles, and it is not our intention to folst these people's interests upon them. But the big daily papers are now filled with a subject concerning which it might be well to say a word."

"Pat Sheedy, an ex-Chicago gambler and faro bank proprietor, is posing before the country as a 'high-toned gentleman' and moral instructor of John L. Sullivan, the bruiser. For a year or two Sheedy has 'managed' Sullivan, and had thousands of column written telling what a real 'gentleman' Pat Sheedy was. The 'combine' has now broken up and Sheedy will have to go back to rum-selling and faro bank dealing for a living."

"But before he re-enters his old business he takes occasion to slur Sullivan, call him a 'drunkard' and other ugly names. There are a great many men like Sheedy, and they can be found in every community. They are after dollars and they keep sober."

"Among Mr. Sheedy's fraternity they are called 'Irish Jews.' In the higher walks of life they are termed 'respectable, christian gentlemen.' They are cool, calculating, sanctimonious and utterly heartless. They condemn the minor weaknesses of their fellow men while they are fattening upon the efforts and resources of those men. They use the words 'drunkard,' 'unreliable,' 'not respectable' concerning the impulsive, good-hearted unfortunates they are robbing, while the world looks on and applauds their 'character' and 'tone.'

"To these hypocritical scoundrels nothing is a sin but weakness. To rob the widow and orphan, to cheat and lie and humbug are little peccadilloes easily wiped out by punctual attendance at church or maybe an occasional word spoken to the Sunday school."

"John Sullivan may be a brute, but compared with such crawling, creeping reptiles as Sheedy and his ilk, the prize fighter is an honorable man."

Pool selling is prohibited in this city, but a new scheme was recently put in operation for the purpose of evading the existing laws. In a little inclosure between One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Ninth streets is a track of six laps to a mile, and in a stable off to one side is a lot of plugs. The track has a wire connection with the Coney Island Jockey Club course at Sheepshead Bay. Before the races are started the crowdhats are brought around to the front of the grand stand and given names similar to the blooded animals in the corresponding race at Sheepshead Bay, and similar christenings are given to the mugs who personate the high rank jockeys."

Pool selling then begins, and meanwhile the plugs are stationed in front of the grand stand waiting for a start. Soon the result of the race at Sheepshead Bay is telegraphed in, and one of the managers, keeping the news mum, goes over and instructs the jockeys in what order they are to finish, so as to correspond with results on the other track."

Then those who backed the winning horses at Sheepshead Bay collect their winnings, and the little game begins all over again. It will be seen from the plan that the same nags can run in every race, now as a two-year-old, then as an aged horse and again as a three-year-old."

The stallion Bayard, by Pilot, Jr., sire of Emma B., 2:22, owned by Richard K. Fox, and others in the 2:30 list, escaped from his paddock at Mt. Union, O., recently and ran into a neighboring field owned by William Lamborn. The latter became so incensed at seeing the horse that he ran out and knocked his eye out with a huge piece of rock. The Humane Society has taken the matter in hand."

The owner of the pacer Johnston wants to match him to wagon against any pacer or trotter to harness for from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side. Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See are barred, but Johnston will go against either of these on equal terms. What's the matter with Patron accepting the offer?"

The Jersey City Club will have its annual boxing competition on Oct. 4. A gold medal will be given to first and a silver one to second in each event.

LATEST SPORTING.

The Marylebone Cricket Club has an income of \$75,000 a year.

William Dillon has opened a sporting house at 147 First Avenue, this city.

C. Wood, the noted English jockey, won his hundredth victory August 20.

E. Purcell has bought the two-year-old colt Albemarle, by Eolus—Mamie Fields.

The proposed American tour of South of England cricket players has fallen through.

George Kestler beat W. Beckwith for the English swimming championship, one mile, on Aug. 27.

Knowing ones say that Lucky Baldwin has another crack two-year-old, named California, by Rutherford—Josie C.

Martin Dempsey, brother to Jack, and Jimmy Rowan, of Pittsburg, fought to a finish on a boat near Pittsburgh.

Dick Steel, the well-known boxer, has arrived in Troy, N. Y. He wants to fight any 123-pound man in America.

Frank Hayward, who was matched to spar George Crocker for the bantam-weight championship of Boston, has forfeited.

H. Davidson and W. Kirton, both Sunderland oarsmen, have been matched to row a two-mile race on the Tyne, England, on October 1, for \$20.

Willie Clark, of Philadelphia, who was defeated some time ago by Ike Weir, after a game battle, is matched to fight Charles McCarthy to a finish.

Joe Kenworthy, of New Bedford, who recently threw Cal X. Fontaine, desires to wrestle any man in New England at 128 pounds, for \$100 or upwards.

H. M. Johnson, the sprinter, has challenged any man in the world to run him 75, 100 or 125 yards for from \$500 to \$2,000 and the gate receipts, or for glory.

Jay-Eye-See, until his recent performance at Freeport, has not appeared in public since Sept. 13, 1884, three years ago, when he trotted at Kalamazoo, Mich.

At Newark, N. J., Aug. 27, at a meeting of the American Foot Ball Association, Wm. H. Crook, of the Ansonia Club, was elected president and T. E. Hood secretary.

The international cricket match between the United States and Canada, which was to have been played at Toronto on the 19th and 20th inst., has been abandoned. It is said that June, 1888, has been fixed for the next meeting.

A special from New Bedford, Mass., says: "Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist, states that he will arrive here either this week or next. A fishing trip in Buxford's bay has been planned by James F. Moore, who will entertain the champion."

The American cricket team going to the West Indies will sail from New York on Dec. 12. The tour will last two months. Games will be played at Jamaica, Barbados, Demerara and Trinidad. The eleven will be composed of New Yorkers and Philadelphians.

The "Mail," Toronto, says: "In order that Canadians and others may not lack opportunity to place their money on Hanlon against Beach, an Australian syndicate has forwarded \$12,000 to Mr. A. T. Soule of Rochester, the Hop-Bitters man, with a request that he accommodates all who wish to bet four on Hanlon against six on Beach. Canadians now know where they can do business."

The Printers' Benevolent Association picnic and games will be held at the Empire City Colosseum, Sixty-eighth street and Avenue A, this city, on Saturday, Sept. 24. The programme will comprise a 100-yard run, half-mile run, 220-yard run, 1-mile walk, 220-yard run, pole vault, half-mile run, 2-mile walk, 2-mile run, 1-mile run, 220-yard hurdle race, sack race, nondescript race.

The greatest match of the year and the most sensational trotting event of the season will take place at Washington Park on or before October 5. Jay-Eye-See, 2:10, and Patron, 2:14, will trot a match race for \$4,000 a side. We have a vivid recollection of the magnificent condition in which this track was put for the Harry Wilkes-Oliver K. match. Should the weather permit, we are confident it will be made as fast as a bullet for the encounter of these two equine heroes, and we shall not be surprised to see both the trotting and the stallion records beaten.

Garrison, the fashionable jockey, is only 19 or 20 years of age, and when only a baby rode his first race, that is, in 1882, and weighed only 55 pounds. His first winning mount was on Monk and then the lad was getting \$75 per month, and now he has been engaged by Haggins at \$1,000 per month, besides outside mounts of \$10 each, win or lose; \$25 for a win, and presents all the way from \$100 to \$1,000. He now owns two good race horses and rides the same when not otherwise engaged. He paid only \$2,500 for Eolian and \$3,600 for Cyclops, and has won at least \$15,000 on the two already, while the colts are worth \$10,000 each to-day.

In winning the Autumn stakes at Sheepshead Bay for two year-olds, Emperor of Norfolk placed an additional \$7,000 to his earnings this season; his total earnings are about \$17,000. He commenced his season's work by winning the Kenwood stakes and Hyde Park stakes at Washington Park, Chicago, valued at \$7,746; at the same meeting he also captured the Lake View handicap, and his next win was the Saratoga stakes, at Saratoga, valued at \$4,650. Should he meet with no unusual accident he is liable to make as much money for the Santa Anita stable as the great racer Lucky Baldwin, that died last week. Emperor of Norfolk is certainly a great two-year-old; is by Norfork, dam Marion.

The stories printed about the Scotch yacht Thistle put one in mind of the yarns published of the four-oared boat Superior, which was rowed by the St. John crew against Fort Hill's pet Bantry crew in the Maid of Erin years ago. It took years to wipe out the notion that prevailed in some quarters that there was a "glass bottom" on the St. John boat, and about as silly a story is now finding its way into the public prints about the Thistle. If there are any "bubbles" on the bottom of the Thistle they must be made by barnacles, mussels, clams, or something of this nature, for the bottom of the Thistle is quite foul, as she has not been hauled out of water since she was launched.

There was a large crowd on the banks of the Charles river, Boston, on September 14, to witness the single scull ride between Danny Breen and Jerry Casey. Casey took the lead at the start, but held it only a short time, as Breen forged ahead at the quarter-mile stake. The half-mile was reached by Breen in 3 minutes 40 seconds; Casey was one second later. At the three-quarter mile stake Breen still held the lead. At this point Breen began to show the effect of his hard work and Casey began to crawl up on his antagonist, and a moment later had passed the West End sculler. Casey reached the turn in 11 minutes 15 seconds, with Breen four lengths behind. Casey continued to increase his lead on the home stretch, and won by five lengths. The distance rowed was three miles with a turn, and the time made was 29 minutes 55 seconds.

Recently at Sandwich, Ontario, 2,000 spectators assembled to witness a broad-sword contest on horseback between Sergeant Charles Walsh, of Boston, and Prof. Waldenstein, of the United States Army. Waldenstein is nothing but a raw recruit from Fort Wayne, Detroit, who couldn't ever ride the horse on which he was mounted. After a few passes the "professor's" horse reared in



PACKED AWAY IN A TRUNK.

JAMES LAVENDER OF IRWINTON, GEORGIA, TRIES TO ELUDE HIS BONDSEN BUT IS FOUND AND DRAGGED OUT.



JEALOUS OF A TRAMP.

JOSEPH MCBRIDE OF PEEBLE COUNTY, OHIO, KILLS A DIRTY BUMMER BECAUSE HIS WIFE FAVORED HIM.



PULLED ON THE TRAIN.

DR. T. S. MASON EXTRACTS AN ACHING TOOTH IN A MOVING PASSENGER CAR, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.



ANOTHER FASTING CRANK.

MISS SUGGS OF BETTERTON, NEAR GREENVILLE, ILLINOIS, HAS A CALL FROM THE LORD.



A BURGLARS' PARADISE.

THE WEALTHY INHABITANTS OF STATEN ISLAND ARE THE PREY OF NEW YORK CROOKS WHO BURGLARIZE WITH IMPUNITY.

**"THE MAN AT THE CRIB."**

A THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF CHICAGO'S BEST KNOWN PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

**THE COWBOY GOT LAID OUT.**

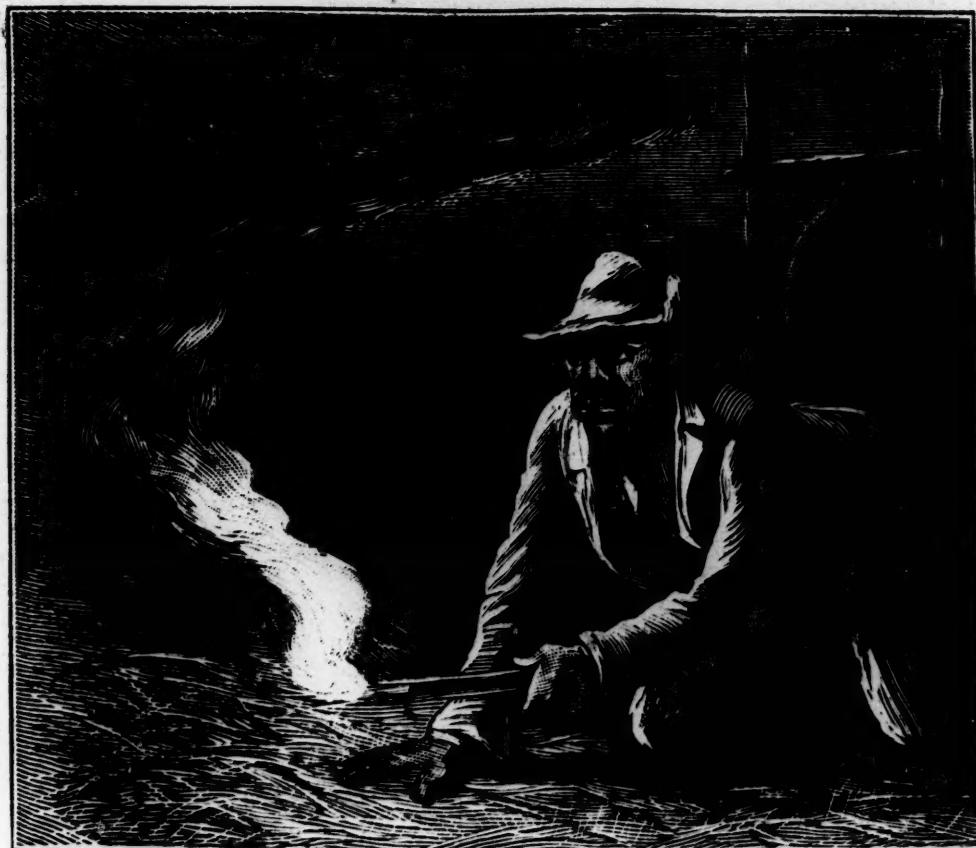
W. C. BALDWIN ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE TOWN OF FORT SMITH, TEXAS, AND GETS FILLED WITH LEAD.

**W. BYRD PAGE,**

THE CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER OF THE WORLD, WHO HAILS FROM THE GOOD CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

**CRAZED BY COCAINE.**

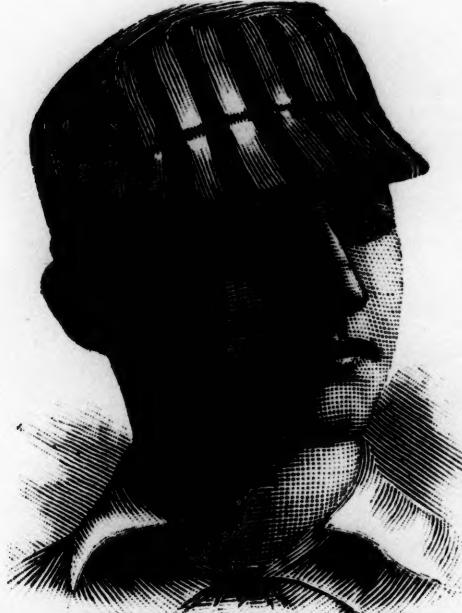
DOCTOR BORCHEIM, A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF ATLANTA, GA., IN A FIT OF DELIRIUM BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

**CAUGHT IN THE ACT.**

AN INCENDIARY NEGRO, GEORGE SCOTT, IS CAPTURED BY A POSSE NEAR HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green Diamond of America's National Game.



Nat Hudson,

The promising young pitcher of the St. Louis Browns, hails from Chicago, Ill., where he played with local amateur clubs and gained his first experience in the national game. His professional career may be said to have virtually commenced last season, although he played with the Quincy club of the Northwestern League, in 1884, and Keokuk and Denver clubs in 1886. When Caruthers last year avowed his determination of retiring permanently from baseball, young Hudson was selected to fill his place, and was signed by the St. Louis Browns. That was a wise choice was proved by Hudson's work in twenty-six championship games, when he relieved Foutz and Caruthers in the box. In a game between the rival St. Louis clubs, on Oct. 15, Hudson accomplished the wonderful feat of striking out three of the Maroons on nine pitched balls in one inning. Myers, McGahey and Seery being the victims. On Oct. 22 Hudson pitched for the first time against the Chicago club, and held the League champions down to three scattering safe hits.

The Mets this year were a dismal failure.

Pittsburg anticipates making it lively for Boston.
If ever a club was too much managed that club is located in Washington.

Oshkosh has a pitcher that is so fresh that they have to keep him on ice for fear of spoiling.

Cigarettes are just about as damaging to some of the young ball tossers as whiskey is to the old ones.

The Philadelphians are clean gone on Storey's base running, and think he is the best in the business.

When a ball player begins to realize what his services are worth he generally gets the big head.

There is nothing the matter with Phil Reecius. He only wants \$250 per month, but Jim Hart is not built that way by \$150.

Richter does not altogether fancy having his grand-soup-bubble scheme of pooling the baseball players criticized.

Spalding has not the slightest intention of parting with his burly first baseman, despite all reports to the contrary.

The New Yorks will have to do considerable bracing up next year if they expect to come anywhere near the top of the heap.

The general impression is that President Stearns' \$10,000 bluff for Anson was only an advertising dodge for the Detroit club.

If President Day is anxious to have a winning team in New York, it would not be a bad idea to purchase the entire Detroit club.

Latham, the windy third baseman of the St. Louis Browns, is the most thoroughly selfish and unappreciative man in the baseball arena.

Gaffney thinks that the man that can pull an even stroke with Hewitt and Mike Scanlon is a good one and ought to be kept in a glass case.

Now begins to look as though both the Chicagoans and Philadelphians will finish ahead of the New Yorks. Brace up, boys, or you will surely get left.

The chances of Spalding getting Denny and Glasscock next season are very slim, as New York will have something to say when it comes down to the fine point.

Wes Curry bit off his nose to spite his face, by reasoning because he was ordered to go west and umpire. He will no doubt remember that he has a hard winter before him.

The scribe on the Philadelphia "Press" is very bashful and blushingly takes the credit for making the Athletics turn over a new leaf and play the good ball they are now doing.

The Boston management are now ready to give big money for Clarkson and Thompson for next season if \$20,000 will do the business. They are clean gone on baseball beauties.

Brady has had a delicate sufficiency of umpiring. It is bad enough to have the players kicking, but when the crowd commence it is more than an ordinary man can bear to take.

The crowd soured on Klusman in New Orleans and went for so hard that he went all to pieces and asked for his release. He is not the only good player that has been rattled by a crowd.

"Gets" now sports a \$300 watch much to the chagrin of Manager Watkins, who would have liked to have crushed Getzen to the wall and probably would have succeeded had it not been for public sentiment.

Chris Von der Ahe says that it was not a matter of principle that made his men refuse to play the Cuban Giants, but it was on account of a racket the boys had arranged for Sunday in Philadelphia. There was some lively firing done.

The walking was good and John Patrick Cahill has reached San Francisco in safety, and, strange to say, with his shoes in fairly good condition. According to the San Francisco Atta, he has been engaged to take the place of three cigar signs.

If a ball player is shy about sliding in the Northwestern League they land on him like a thousand of bricks and guy him off the field. They want ball playing right up to the handle, and a man gets no record unless he is well scarred and bruised.

It seems hard that a brilliant player like Al Nichols should be shut out for ever and bounded if he attempts to play with amateur clubs, all on account of his doing wrong some eleven years ago, when there are men now flourishing in baseball circles ten times worse than he ever dared be.

Manager Bright and President Von der Ahe have kissed and made up, therefore there will be no law suit. It was

brought about by the latter promising to make the champion St. Louis Browns play a Sunday game with the Cuban Giants when they visit this city in October to play a world's championship game with the Detroit.

After much fatherly advice and a series of heavy fines a prominent baseball magnate succeeded in getting one of his heaviest batsmen to swear off for two months, but since he has quit the "boozey" he has not been able to hit a balloon, and the management are now on their knees begging him to go back to the old stuff in hope of his regaining his sight.

The Brotherhood are still holding a stiff upper lip, and if they have the backbone to stand firm at one they will carry their point with the League. The general impression is, however, that two-thirds of the boys, who have lived up to all they have made, will flunk along toward spring, or possibly sooner, if they are need of a little advance money. When it comes to butting against capital it is uphill work.

The Brooklyn people are the most patient in the world. The ball their representative club is playing is simply rotten, nevertheless, the games played in Brooklyn are attended by thousands of enthusiasts. Even on Sunday last, after a week of hard luck, and standing sixth in the race, 7,490 people visited Ridgewood Park to see the Athletics sew them up to 5 to 2. If ever a city deserved a first-class club that city is Brooklyn.

Joe Prichard is out again with his jackass policy for the American Association to pursue toward the League, and that is to offer such inducements to the Detroit club as to cause it to desert the League and join the Association, and then to fill up the compliment of clubs by placing a representative club in Boston. Such advice as this to an organization that has no backbone is simply idiotic. The American Association has been like a naughty boy in the hands of Mother League ever since its organization, and whenever it gets sulky mama League turns it over her knee and warms its bottom with her slipper, and the Association quiets down like a little mouse.

MRS. J. C. HENRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The quiet village of Fair Haven, Ohio, was thrown into a fever of excitement recently. It appears that Mr. J. C. Henry, the proprietor of the Racket House, and also owner of a grocery and a livery stable, has been for some time suspicious that his wife, with whom he became acquainted through a newspaper advertisement, and whom he had never seen until he went to wed, was somewhat too free with strangers for a continuance of domestic felicity, and when on the other morning he found a traveling pump repairer from Hamilton, by the name of Charles Endens, enjoying privileges which should have been given to Henry alone, the result can be imagined. The pump-man suddenly remembered an engagement elsewhere, and although it was very early, scarcely daylight, he started at once to fulfil it, Henry speeding him on his journey, it is said, with a chair. Henry also tried to persuade his wife to accompany Endens, but as he had not time to wait for her to pack her trunk she concluded to wait for the Richmond mail hack, when she went on an extended visit to her people in New York.

TAKING A CRIMINAL'S MEASURE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we illustrate the scientific way in which new comers are measured for "bumps" and other marks of identification at the Joliet, Ill., State Prison.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND PERFORM THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPERS, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE. T. HISCOX, 333 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE,
NEW YORK.
April 1, 1887.

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FACT THAT NO NEW ACCOUNTS ARE OPENED FOR ADVERTISING, AND THAT CASH MUST IN ALL CASES ACCOMPANY AN ORDER. PERSONS WHO ARE DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE THEIR CARDS DO NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE WILL BE COMPLIED WITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

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TO WEAK MEN

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